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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

What the National Government has done

THE "National" Government's trumpeter is dead! — it has issued vainglorious films and posters applauding its own achievements to the skies—to say nothing of a strange picture paper called the "Popular Pictorial." Is some misguided "National" enthusiast paying the piper? (Of course, with an eye on the honours list).

The National Government claims that all is for the best in the best of all possible Britains ruled by the best of all possible Governments, because—

(I) Sir Malcolm Campbell broke the world's speed record on land with a speed of 272 miles per hour.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Stanley Baldwin and the rest of them had as much to do with Sir Malcolm Campbell's record as they had with the eclipse of the sun.

(II) Our Air Force won the Schneider Trophy outright.

That was won in September, 1931, before the formation of the National Government, because Lady Houston paid the expenses.

(III) Lord Clydesdale and his fellow airmen flew over Mount Everest and looked down on the highest mountain in the world—

Because Lady Houston financed their brave adventure.

Much is said about unemployment. Yet there are 429,000 more people in receipt of poor relief than in 1931, and in two years the number of permanently unemployed men has increased by 61,000.

Our Foreign policy has been a tale of cowardice, hesitation and folly. The chances of war have been multiplied by a sentimentalism which bleats of peace and disarmament and leaves the world in doubt as to our sanity. Our friends have ceased to rely on us and we have deliberately chosen an isolation which only overwhelming strength could justify.

Worst of all, before the whole world we declare the inadequacy of our defences.

Our Army estimates and our Air estimates are lower than the estimates introduced by the Socialist Government in 1930.

Our Navy estimates are lower than the estimates introduced by the Conservative Government in 1925. Our Navy is below strength in material and personnel—the Admiralty own it.

The Air Force is below strength—the Air Ministry own it. But Lady Houston's offer of support is rejected and, instead, we are fobbed off with Mr. Baldwin's promise of another Conference.

The Indian record of this Government could scarcely be worse. It has surpassed even the Socialists in its eagerness to abandon its sacred duty and to undo the great work that Englishmen accomplished for the good of the Empire and of the Indians.

Foreign imports are already up this year by 34 millions. How much longer can this Government continue to masquerade as defenders of our Commerce?

Four millions for Austria, nothing for National development at home, only legislation to prevent individual initiative.

Muddle and indecision have made the confusion of our Betting and Licensing laws more confounded.

Socialists and Communists are given a free hand. Anti-Socialists are treated as blackguards.

The National Government has neither policy nor principles, and without principles a country cannot live. The existence of our country depends on the destruction of this monstrosity.

Notes of the Week

In order to meet the Budget deficit, the Italian Cabinet has approved cuts of the pay of State Employees to a total of £6,600,000. Mussolini is not afraid of appealing to the patriotism of his civil servants.

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Clap-trap I

Events move in Germany with such amazing rapidity that not too much faith can be pinned to the all-quiet-on-the-Berlin front announcements that have been issued as we go to press. The theory held by English Socialists that Hitler is the tool of the Old Gang of Prussian Junkers and has made a show of crushing a non-existent revolution as the result of some mysterious arrangement with France is fantastic clap-trap, which has probably been prompted by Hitler's suspicion of treasonable activities on the part of the extreme left. French affection for the Junkers would be an odd exotic plant. By his severity Hitler has certainly disgusted far more people than he has impressed and his rounding on former associates leaves a very nasty taste. That he did this for the good of the state and against his personal feelings will take some swallowing. It is significant, however, that our own Socialist press has shown its usual hysteria over Hitler's executions of hundreds; Bolshevik excesses, involving the butchery of hundreds of thousands, pass in that quarter without comment. For in the eyes of Socialists of every shade Russia can do no wrong.

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The Gleaming Armour

The patriotic Englishman will say of Germany's internal dissensions "a blessing on all your houses, provided they fight hard enough and make the country weak enough." And when that has happened, plenty of silly people on this side of the channel will clamour to put Germany on her feet again. But it is not safe to bank on a weaker Germany as the outcome of these adventures of Hitlerism. The German is a fighting animal and his armour is kept bright, whether he fights foreign foes or other Germans. His is a country where defeatism and pacifism do not take root. Hitler and his associates may condemn to death right and left, or they may themselves perish; but the building of pocket battleships continues and five times as much is spent on civil aviation as is spent even in France. And the German civil air-fleet can become a fighting force by a stroke of the pen. None but Germans know the secrets of Warnemünde; the

mysterious central depot of all their aeroplane activity.

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What Are We Doing?

What steps in Air Defence is England making in answer to Warnemünde and Germany's "Civil aviation," to Russia's immense air force and her recent ordering of six new aerodromes in Mongolia alone, to France's decision to spend £50,000,000 on aeroplanes, and to Italy's reconditioning of all her machines, and the construction of new ones, at a cost of £11,000,000? *None at all.* If we are not following the advice of the egregious Bishop Barnes, we are coming dangerously near it. Lord Londonderry in the House of Lords was not reassuring. He disappointed us vastly. He dealt in hypotheses. "If," it should be necessary, "there are plans" for air defence expansion. It is necessary, and plans are not enough without the guarantee that they are being put into effect. So long as Great Britain is sixth among the air-powers, Lord Londonderry had better keep "if" out of his vocabulary altogether.

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Plot, Purge or What?

What was the real cause of Hitler's action? In the first official announcements the emphasis was placed on a conspiracy against Hitler by the leaders of the Storm Troops. The claim that there was this plot, as *causa causans*, has not been dropped, but to an increasing extent it has been replaced by declarations that the time had come for purging the Nazi ranks of men who led discreditable lives and therefore discredited the Party and particularly the Regime. But there is no doubt that numbers of the Storm Troops had become disaffected, and, plot or no plot, it was at them that Hitler struck. He felt his power was threatened, and he determined to "consolidate" it before it was too late.

The result, we are told from Berlin, is that "the whole nation stands in unprecedented enthusiasm behind the Leader." We do not know about the "unprecedented enthusiasm," but it is perfectly evident that Hitler remains in power. It is he who has won the day. And it may well be that methods of violence have made him stronger than ever, for there is that in the German people that responds quickly and almost sympathetically to such methods. He has always said that he wished to steer a straight course between the Right and the Left, but it is apparent that he is turning to the Right—and certainly methods of violence are not strange to it. But anybody has only to read *Mein Kampf* for a few pages to see that they are part and parcel of Hitler's own make-up.

A Foreign Power Involved?

In connection with the events in Germany much speculation has been caused respecting the identity of the foreign Power which is alleged to have been involved in the plot, and no doubt if this charge is persisted in at Berlin some diplomatic inquiries will be made at the Wilhelmstrasse. At the moment, however, the names of various States are being mentioned — France, Russia, Yugo-slavia, Czechoslovakia — and *England!* Rumour indeed went so far as to suggest that the visit to this country of Dr. Bruening, a former German Chancellor, was associated in some way or other with British participation in the affair. We have no illusions about our Government, but this is simply ridiculous.

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The Plain Moral

What has taken place in Germany surely indicates that we live in a world of strife, conflict and unending danger, a world far removed from that in which our pacifists dream and dream. Stern realities, such as this outbreak of violence in Germany that is so typical of the ambitions and passions of men, tell us how infinitely distant is that "international righteousness" to which the Bishop of Birmingham and others like him would commit the safety of England.

The truth is that England and the rest of Europe are "living dangerously." The rest of Europe, through its Governments, realises this fact and is seeking protection and peace by arming and by alliances or *blocs*. What is our Government doing? Last Saturday Mr. Neville Chamberlain in a speech admitted, somewhat impudently, it seems to us, as if he had no responsibility, that our defences were insufficient, but he had nothing positive to state regarding the remedy. How long is this silly spirit of procrastination to continue? Eh, Mr. Baldwin? Can't you speak up now that the ineffable Ramsay is away? Still dumb? N.G. Baldwin — No Guts Baldwin!

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A Sign of the Times

Living dangerously! It was only a month or two ago that an American journalist, touring Europe in order to get the opinions of the great on the question of Peace or War, was assured by King Alexander of Yugoslavia, "No war will start in the Balkans." And yet a state of extremely threatening tension between his country and Italy, of which we have heard very little in London, was produced by the visit of the Italian fleet to Albania within the last two or three weeks. Albania is a little Balkan land which is generally regarded as a sort of vassal of Italy, but recently the King of the Albanians has been "flirting" with France.

Hence the fleet! The Yugoslavs were alarmed and were even said to be mobilising. But the fleet was withdrawn after a time, and the crisis was at an end. Europe is in fact a powder magazine. Talk of disarmament!

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The Liberal Instinct

It is not too often that the "Libs." in the Government get a straight left under the chin from Tory M.P.'s, but certainly Lord Hartington achieved it when he accused Mr. Runciman and Mr. Ernest Brown of Radical and Socialist tendencies in regard to the Petroleum Bill. "Like dogs," said the noble lord, "they return to their vomit." It may have been brutal, but it went right home and nettled Mr. Runciman, who retorted, that the Bill was piloted through the House of Lords by the Marquis of Londonderry, who is as good a Conservative as the Marquis of Hartington. But is Lord Londonderry a Conservative any longer? He seems to support every nostrum the "National" Government advance, and as he is a personal friend of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, it is not surprising. He is a Conservative only by using the same sort of label as his friends, Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare.

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Extolling the Red Army

"The Daily Herald's" inconsistency has been a joke for so long that the edge of it is wearing off. The latest move is to extol the wonders of the army of Soviet Russia while endeavouring to prevent Great Britain having an army, a navy, or an air force at all. We ourselves must, it seems, cut down expenditure on armaments to a vanishing point and spend the time we ought to spend in seeing to the safety of our own country in admiring the efficiency of the war machine of a nation which hates us as the devil hates holy water. The trumpet is blown in this case by Professor Harold Laski, who splurges over five columns to extol the "energy and grim determination" of Voroshilov, the Red army's commander-in-chief, and the status of the millions under his command as "the most mechanised army in the world." The manufacture of aeroplanes" adds Professor Laski, "the evolution of military aircraft, are matters to which the Russian Government has devoted special attention." But what would the Professor and his fellow Socialists say to a British Government which "devoted special attention" to such matters?

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The Shipping Subsidy Falls Flat

Mr. Runciman's much advertised remedy to revive British shipping, has burst like a bubble. He offers a subsidy of two millions sterling for one year to Tramp Shipping, but hedged with

so many unsatisfactory conditions, that it will prove unacceptable. A subsidy is needed to meet the unfair conditions of foreign merchant shipping which is sweeping us off the seven seas, but also, and even more, is protection for our carrying trade not forgetting our coastal trade. Why does Mr. Runciman hint only at possible reprisals, instead of taking immediate steps to impose on foreign shipping, exactly the same prohibitions and discriminations they impose on us? All our export trade and our inter-Imperial trade should be carried in British bottoms. Mr. Runciman's "aid" is, as usual, governed by fear and lack of boldness.

Mr. Lloyd George's Revelations

Mr. Lloyd George's revelations of military bungling throughout the Paschendaele horror reveal something more than that Haig was a good Corps Commander, but had not the military genius to cope with the disposition of an army of 2,000,000 over a front of 100 miles—an estimate which has been common knowledge for some years. The claim that keen political intellects were handicapped by military stupidity will hardly stand in view of a further revelation which the author is likely to regret unless he intended it for a confession. In that case some suggestion of a white sheet and a lighted candle should be there. But it is not. Mr. Lloyd George naively explains that:—
"In considering whether we should have gone further and taken more drastic action by replacing Haig and Robertson, I had always to bear in mind the possibility that such a step would inevitably have given rise to political complications."

The italics are ours. But the indignation and the horror at such an admission will be universal. There must, of course, be no attempt to check a bloodstained muddle if it is to "give rise to political complications."

Stifling Pessimism

An over-optimistic Minister may be a danger, but there is something stifling in the pessimism of Mr. Oliver Stanley, who in his last few hours as Minister of Transport said that before the tragic toll of the road could be lessened there would be "years of effort and trial and failure." If that is the greeting to the appalling disclosure that during that week 140 people had been killed on the King's Highway, that 3,224 have been killed this year and 101,694 injured, we can regard Mr. Stanley's departure to the Ministry of Labour with something more than equanimity. The motorist is frequently blamed when it is the nit-witted pedestrian who is at fault. But the majority of pedestrians are not nit-witted and there is no getting away from the fact that the increase in road-deaths grows with the increase in the number of

motorists, far too many of whom either drive badly or like small boys with dangerous toys, drive at a break-neck speed for the fun of the thing and in order to show off. The law as it stands could check this were there not such strange slackness in applying it. It is rarely applied even to motor-cyclists, who, disregarding the "silencer" regulations, tear through quiet villages in the small hours with a noise like a machine-gun.

Truth About the Soviet

Advocates of the Soviet Government and system are accustomed to make great play, especially among those of our people who are ignorant or have been misled on the subject, with the wonderful success of the famous or infamous Five-Year Plan. Most observers who are candid and non-partisan know that the plan was at best a very partial success. Much is made by Labour speakers of the value of Russian trade with this country, and our Government has in effect connived with them by its pro-Soviet policy. Now comes a categorical statement from the Birmingham Bureau of Research on Russian Economic Conditions, that a detailed statistical analysis of the results of the Soviet's policy for the planning of foreign trade, shows that in no other department of the national economic life has the failure of the Five-Year Plan been so complete and decisive. Comment is superfluous.

John Tweed, Sculptor

The memorial exhibition of John Tweed's sculpture at the Imperial Gallery, Imperial Institute, should win for him a high position in the ranks of British Sculptors. He was a thoroughly trained craftsman, and his art is essentially French in spirit and technique. Rodin had a great regard for him and his work and always reserved a love for him when he was in Paris. In a preface to the catalogue of the collections on view at South Kensington, the Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett supplies a generous appreciation of Tweed as man and artist. His keen sense of character is revealed, especially the splendid statues of eminent statesmen and soldiers, such as Lord Clive, Cecil Rhodes, Sir John Moore, Captain Cook, Lord Carson and Joseph Chamberlain. But his distinct powers of expression are also apparent in his beautiful portraits and figures of women. Intense passion quickens the sketch of "Grief" and in the remarkable "Latona," which is not only his masterpiece, but one of the finest pieces of sculpture ever produced in England. Note also the excellent busts of "The late Hon. Mrs. Gervase Beckett," "Jeanne Graniér," the "Dowager Countess of Plymouth" and Ailsa Tweed. The exhibition remains open until July 15th.

Entre Nous

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

Now is the time for disappearing
Just take a header—down you go
And when the sky above is clearing
Bob up serenely from below (Old song)

The Prime Minister is taking a three months rest from the arduous task of trying to prove that black is white.

Will he no bob up again?

Quoth the Raven—NEVER MORE!

Sir Stafford Cripps is so tender-hearted, he considers "reprisals" too "unpleasant" a word to use *vis-a-vis* with Germany—But Sir Stafford Cripps never hesitated to use this "unpleasant" word *vis-a-vis* with Buckingham Palace.

I want everyone to eat fresh herrings one day a week and keep our herring fishermen from the dole and despair.

June 27th

Four hundred crans of herrings were dumped back into the sea at Fraserburgh yesterday, because they could not be sold at the minimum price of 15s. per cran, and the port was automatically declared closed. About 3,400 crans had been landed.—Of 100 crans of mackerel landed at Oban yesterday, only 20 crans were sold, at a price of 10s. per cran. The rest were dumped into the sea.

Germany and Russia are not so keen on buying English herrings. Simply because they are allowed to send their fishermen into English waters to catch our herrings themselves.

Warsaw, June 29th

While owners of the British herring drifters or motor boats are being hard put to it to keep their vessels at sea, the Polish fishing industry has just increased its fleet by 15 vessels, and is preparing to send these out herring-catching in the North Sea.

Oh! What a happy land is ours for her fishermen, while the Governments of other countries do all they can to help them. Our Government look on and do nothing.

Zara Agha is dead—aged 160.

He managed to retain excellent health throughout his long life, and when Dr. Voronoff recently offered to rejuvenate him by his famous "monkey gland" treatment, Zara Agha scornfully refused, saying that he had never felt younger.

I am writing this at the end of beyond—where a few weeks back snow was inches deep on the ground—now it is 70 in the shade and the nightingale's nocturnal melody cheers me during my many sleepless hours—I see the river and the snow-capped hills from my five windows, and my heart rejoices at all this loveliness where I am taking a restful holiday.

I have seen a Curlew and her brood—such lovely little balls of fluff, with long beaks like a woodcock—but oh! how terribly upset the poor mother bird was at being disturbed. I hastily withdrew and humbly apologised for my intrusion.

Lady Houston and the Herring Industry

By Comyns Beaumont

DESPITE the chorus of smug self-satisfaction with their deeds as expressed by Cabinet Ministers and lesser fry on the Ministerial benches, may I tell of the pitiful plight of the deep-sea fishermen of Britain? It concerns the herring fisheries. The herring, as everyone recognises, is a most valuable food. It is most nutritious. It is also cheap. Lady Houston, in a telegram to Sir Murdoch Wood, M.P., which has attracted wide publicity, says, "When absolutely fresh there is no more delicious food." Yet, although big catches have been reported off the coasts, our deep-sea fishermen are in a most desperate position. Their home market has been lost to them, very largely by a concatenation of causes, and similarly their foreign markets, particularly in Russia, Norway, Sweden, and Germany, are to all intents and purposes closed to them. Extraordinary as it may seem, British trawlers come into the home ports weighed down with catches and find there is no market, or at such a price that the fishermen are heavily out of pocket. Several trawlers have thrown their catches back into the sea, because they know that their herring catch is not worth carrying back.

It should be noted that the herring fisheries have in the past been the mainstay of the Shetland and Orkney Isles, the fishing coasts of Northern Scotland, and that Yarmouth has given seasonal employment to a great number of Scottish fishermen engaged in cutting up and curing the herrings. The Scottish herring fishery exceeded all other fish together, and the annual value of the catch, in the region of a million and a quarter pounds sterling, made all the difference between prosperity and starvation in Northern Scotland and the Shetland Islands. Now the situation is so serious, as Sir Murdoch Wood informed the House of Commons on Wednesday of last week, that the public authorities in Lerwick (Shetland), and Buckie (Banffshire) had telegraphed to say that in the view of all sections of the herring industry **ITS COMPLETE COLLAPSE WILL TAKE PLACE UNLESS HELP CAN BE IMMEDIATELY FORTHCOMING.**

What was this help? The Soviet Government of Russia, in accordance with her trade agreement has placed an order for 70,000 barrels of herrings. To fulfil this order will save our Northern brethren from utter ruin. The fisheries have no reserve of funds and in order to deliver the fish they require the necessary finance for wages, expenses of curing, shipment, etc. The Scottish and other banks were not willing to take the risk. The Scottish Co-operative Society also did not seem anxious to trust their Soviet friends. The Government, who have shewn in the past so great a desire to trade with Russia, in the sense at least of opening our

markets to them, refused to entertain Sir Murdoch Wood's plea of a Government guarantee. Sir Godfrey Collins for the Government said "I cannot give any undertaking that the Government will provide finance for the purpose." Since this refusal the Government have done nothing whatsoever to assist the Northerners and although a London newspaper asserted a few days ago that, if the Scottish banks will not step into the breach, the Government will provide credits, no official hint has been uttered to this effect.

Lady Houston enters into this question because she feels strongly that the plight of the fisher-folk and curers was deplorable and indefensible. She said in an interview, "The Government is inactive in everything except helping their enemies. They would never dream of helping their own friends and countrymen. What do we want a Government for after all if it is not to do their best for the country?" That is sound common sense. The friends of Russia run away when they are asked to take a risk, and they are prepared to let Northern Scotland and the Shetlands face ruin sooner than assume the necessary steps to protect them. Why should she?

Lady Houston, in a telegram to Sir Murdoch Wood, said she would be prepared to give any practical help. She is willing to give the herring fishermen all the publicity in her power and to arrange for a wide propaganda to help them, but this offer did not entitle certain newspapers to expect that she should assume the financial obligations in order to save the face of the Government. That is carrying a joke too far. Lady Houston may be willing to give large sums for public undertakings such as she did on the occasion of the Schneider Trophy, or the Mount Everest Expedition, or to build up our London Air defences, but to let the Government shirk their responsibilities, or enable Russia to repudiate her obligations, is quite another matter.

The remedy for our deep sea fisheries, and the resuscitation of our fishing ports like Lerwick, Buckie, Peterhead, Grimsby, Hull and the rest is as plain as a pikestaff. Let us insist on keeping the Home market for British trawlers. Let us demand with a loud voice that the landing of catches in foreign trawlers is prohibited for 12 months and see the wholesome effect it will have.

I have only to add that the taste for the succulent herring may well be advertised. Lady Houston suggests that a Herring League be formed of persons who will undertake to eat herrings one day a week. She also proposes that the Services are fed with herrings one day a week. In past days Fridays became a day of abstinence to help the fishermen. Why not let us voluntarily adopt such a method once more and not leave this meritorious and healthful system to the Catholics alone?

Sea Food: By HAMADRYAD

Lady Houston has offered to help the Scottish fishing industry.

The weary bard, exhausted by the weather,
And maundering Ministers with hides of leather,
To cooler spots directs his heated gaze,
And lets it light on Scotia's firths and bays,
Where strong men skilled in fishing and seafaring
Pursue at intervals the caller herring.

Herring! The very word is like a breeze
Borne to the fevered brow from Northern seas
Where men in ketch and drifter plough the deep,
Hoping, with luck, to make their board and keep,
Toiling that men in dressing gowns and slippers
May have their morning fill of toothsome kippers,
That Muscovites about their samovars
(The indulgence is reserved for commissars)
May change their cabbage soup—the usual dish—
For chunks of salt, but not unsavoury, fish,
Purchased—'tis all the great U.S.S.R.'ll
Cough up—for twentyseven and six a barrel.

Herrings! What poet's pen can overpraise
The well-cured darlings of our younger days,
When the brave kipper, Caledonia's pride,
With loving care was salted, smoked and dried,
And fetched, alike in Shoreditch or Mayfair,
As much as fourpence for a well-matched pair?
With what a brave carouse we used to take
Our simple pleasure in a two-eyed steak,
The food that puts a sheen on pallid skins
And fills us simply full of vitamins.

What then? Must some fell economic law
Forbid these men, who fill the public maw
With nutrient sea food wrested from the wave,
To make a living, let alone to save,
To have or hold, to taste or even smell
Aught half so precious as the stuff they sell?
But such their lot, for when at early morn,
Their hulls storm-battered and their tackle torn,
They land their hard-won catch upon the dock,
Those that should buy will merely stand and mock.
"Purchase your fish?" the dealer cries, "Not I,
sir!

Tney'll fetch a trifle, p'raps, as fertiliser,
But not for Billingsgate." In deep disgust,
The crew disheartened and the owner bust,
The herring catchers sadly turn away.

"If only folk would eat more fish," they say,
"If herrings, fresh or kippered, as you please,
Were freely purchased for the Services,
And every child and adult of the nation
Were made to eat a weekly herring ration,
Life would look good to us poor fisher folk,
And fishing fleets would cease from going broke,
While those who ate the fish we bring to shore
Would be much healthier than they were before."

Have hope, good fisher folk; your plight is known.
Your industry will come into its own.
Spurred by the kindly zeal of Lady Houston
The Scottish fisheries will get a boost on,
And herrings hiss, as only herrings can,
By millions in the matutinal pan.

The Bishop at the Gate

A Pacifist Goes to Heaven

By Our Saturday Reviewer

"PIETY apart," said St. Peter, "I cannot abide a Bishop."

"That's unfortunate," said his Clerk, as a flutter of white lawn came up the moving staircase, "for here one comes."

The Archangels stood along the barrier with their two-edged swords raised against the void.

"Rather a distressing display of Militarism, don't you think?" said the Bishop affably.

"They almost make you feel," St. Peter continued, "as if it were you who were the outsider."

"Now, Sir," turning to the apparition in lawn sleeves, "what can we do for you?"

"I was saying," said the Bishop, "that nowadays we find these Militarist displays, a little—how shall I say?—a little reactionary."

"May I ask why?" asked St. Peter.

"We do not believe in force any longer, or rather, I should say, we only believe in a minimum of force."

"Ah," said St. Peter, "but before we have your views, let us glance at your record."

"Well, I began," said the Bishop modestly, "by rowing for my College."

"With a minimum of force," said St. Peter.

The sarcasm went unnoticed.

"Then I became a curate in a slummy parish, and made myself acquainted with the evils of industrialism, a necessary part of a priest's education nowadays."

"It was different in my time," said St. Peter.

"We live in a progressive world," said the applicant. "Then . . ."

"And so you became a Bishop," said St. Peter.

"I was a Chaplain to the Forces in the Great War," said the other, not to be put off, "and saw the evils of Militarism."

"And so you became a Bishop," said St. Peter, "an excellent record. I am afraid we must admit you. Call the next case."

"But my views," said the Bishop. "I really thought you would be interested in my views. They are called ultra-modern," he said proudly.

"Oh, we had them on the wireless," the Saint replied wearily. "Broadcasting saves us a lot of trouble up here nowadays."

"But I venture to think," said the Bishop, "that you ought to look into this, ah, this rather reactionary ritual—these swords."

The eyes of the Saint suddenly sparkled, as if with a long-extinguished fire relit by the match of an old memory.

"I like swords," he said. "I had a sword once."

The Bishop was shocked.

"Yes," said St. Peter, "I had a sword, and I drew it, and struck the high priest's servant, and cut off his right ear."

"You were rebuked," said the Bishop.

"It was worth it," said the Saint.

"And now tell me," said the keeper of the keys, "this war you saw, when you fought what you call Militarism. You were in the right."

"We thought ourselves in the right."

"But isn't that all that matters?"

"We have doubted since."

"I knew a doubter," said St. Peter musingly, "a poor sort of fellow, never did anything. His name was Thomas."

"We have come to the conclusion," the Bishop continued, "that force is wrong."

"Always?" asked St. Peter.

"Well not quite always," said the Bishop.

"Altogether?"

"Well not quite altogether. Our Archbishop says that it is only right to use the minimum."

"Rather a nice calculation," said St. Peter.

"Between right and wrong?"

"No, for I see no difference of principle between the maximum and the minimum of force—not between right and wrong, but between victory and defeat."

"I do not follow you," said the Bishop.

"You were the shepherd of your flock," said St. Peter patiently.

"So they called me," said the Bishop.

"There were wolves about—a dangerous world—but you said, 'It is not right to keep a dog; neither is it right to keep a spear.'"

"No, I did not say that."

"No, you did not say that. You said, 'We shall no longer keep a large dog, for that would savour too much of force; we shall keep a little dog,' and you said, 'I shall no longer have a spear, I shall have a stick.' Then the wolves came, and they gathered round the fold in force, for they said, 'Here is a foolish shepherd, who regards not the wisdom of his fathers,' and they leaped into your fold and they bit the throats of your sheep."

"Your analogy," said the Bishop, "is drawn from the lower animals."

"Are there no longer wolves among men?" said St. Peter. "Is not the heart of man desperately wicked?"

"I hope not," said the Bishop.

At that moment there was a whistling sound: it was as if a flight of birds came up to the gates of heaven—brown warlike shapes they seemed, with bloodstains on their breasts.

The angels raised their two-edged swords.

"Stand aside," said St. Peter to the Bishop, "here are the souls of men. Who are ye?"

The answer came like a sigh from those congregated shades. "Storm troops shot at dawn."

"And you say there are no wolves among men," said St. Peter to the Bishop.

Selling the Conservative Party

Lord Stonehaven's False Calculation

By KIM

CONSERVATIVES whose votes placed the present Government in power by an overwhelming majority in 1931, may be pardoned if they regard with growing uneasiness, the pirouettings and flirtations of the Conservative Central Office in their passion for the name "National." Lord Stonehaven, the Chairman of the Conservative Party, resembles a faded woman, supported by an honest and generous husband, who is setting her cap at certain worthless men, consorting with them, and at the same time expecting her husband to put up with her infidelities.

There was some fairly plain speaking at the Central Council Meeting of the National Union of Conservatives and Unionist Associations, on the fickle goings-on of the Central Office, and it would have been in accordance with the general sentiment if a resolution had been moved and carried that the Central Council regarded with dismay the growing tendency of Lord Stonehaven and his myrmidons to suppress the name and policy of Conservatism and to attempt to merge the individuality of the Party, into the pale pink pipings of Pacifism and surrender.

A Strange Delusion

Lord Stonehaven was quite unrepentant. When Mr. Ball, of Canterbury, complained that the propaganda sent out by the Central Office made no reference to their Party and stifled its identity, Lord Stonehaven said the propaganda must necessarily be for the National Government. He admitted that the Central Office "did not blow their own trumpet nearly enough," but did not think it would be "altogether wise" to do so. When pressed on the point, he argued that he desired to consolidate the support which the National Government secured at the last election.

Apparently, Lord Stonehaven and the existing leaders of the Conservative Party suffer under a strange delusion. It is to the effect that an enormous proportion of those who voted for the "National" Government really harboured opinions which were properly Liberal and Socialist. The result of this delusion is that the Central Office are doing their best to cultivate their new field for electoral exploitation by two means, one by the suppression as far as possible of the name of Conservative, and the second by producing a policy which in all essential matters has been anti-Conservative. Such is evidently the great idea! It relies incidentally on the assumption that all Conservatives will continue, in any circumstances, to vote for a "National" Government.

Experience ought to have taught Lord Stonehaven and the handful of men who direct Conservative policy, that their theories are based on a profound disregard of the electoral barometer. The evidence of by-elections has proved beyond any question when a wishy-washy, sit-on-the-fence candidate is put up, who is afraid to face up to leading issues, that he not only fails to evoke any enthusiasm for the National Government, but is either beaten or is returned with a shaky majority. The Central Office call this apathy. Yet, on the other hand, strong Conservative candidates like Sir Roger Keyes or General Crichtley come romping in with overwhelming majorities. On this evidence alone it is clear that the unknown element will turn out almost to a man to support a candidate of their own convictions, but they stay away when the man proves himself to be anything but Conservative. This alone ought to make Lord Stonehaven walk as warily as Agag.

Sham not wanted

It does not. There seems to be no measure to the imbecility of a Central Conservative Office, dependent upon the financial aid and backing of that large section of Conservative men and women who want a real National Government, and not a sham. The policy of Lord Stonehaven and, of course, the leader, Mr. Baldwin, is to throw away the substance for the shadow. As for the big residuum of electors who do not take the trouble to join the Conservative Party, it is manifest that their desire is to support a Government which is truly national and does not merely masquerade under a false banner.

There is probably as large a majority in this country to-day as in 1931 for a sturdy pro-British policy, but those voters are not at all enthusiastic for the brand of politics associated with such names as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir John Simon, Mr. Runciman, and the others. None of these men are wanted by the electors who voted on the "National" ticket. Not one of them could retain his seat except for Conservative support, and if they were thrown out of office and the strongest men on the Conservative side, men like Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Henry Page-Croft, Lord Lloyd, and the like took their places, confidence and enthusiasm would greatly strengthen a genuine Conservative administration.

Unless something like this happens, the young men of the right class will continue to throw in their weight with Sir Oswald Mosley, or with a body like the National Citizens Union, both of whom possess a strong Imperial outlook. Lord Stonehaven had better walk warily in future.

The Sea Affair

Why we must have a Large Navy

By Vice-Admiral J. E. T. Harper, C.B., M.V.O.

OUR naval situation is bad—very bad. There are, however, signs that the country is at long last appreciating the fact. Prosperity depends largely on peace—peace and security, not peace at any price. "War is an ugly thing," said John Stuart Mill, "but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of patriotic feeling which thinks nothing worth a war is worse." It is largely owing to the pernicious teaching which has been so active in this country during recent years that the public have been misled to the belief that peace is possible without security; that wars can be prevented by reducing defensive armaments below the safety limit. Without security there can be no peace.

The Senior Service

At the moment we cannot pretend our defence forces are sufficient to give us that security which is possible only if those forces—those peace machines—are adequate to our needs. All our defence forces are necessary to our existence; each one has its uses; co-operation is essential: but, because the life of our Empire depends on the sea, it is the Navy, with its modern air arm, which is, and must remain the predominant partner. At the end of the Great War we possessed a sufficient and efficient Navy; one greatly in excess of normal requirements. In the interests of economy this Navy was reduced to what may be termed a peacetime level; a level governed by our needs. Then followed conference after conference. Conferences have been our curse; may they not prove our downfall. Every conference held for the purpose of reducing naval armaments has resulted in an increase in the navy of each nation taking part save that of the British Empire. Of all the nations of the world we have been the only one to suffer from these conferences; our sea-power, the very foundation of our Empire and the means by which that Empire exists, has been signed away at the demand of foreigners.

Let us consider some hard and stubborn facts. Our very existence depends on the safety of the highways of the ocean—on the safety of those vital arteries which join the scattered parts of our Empire and along which flows the food and raw materials which are our life-blood. Without an adequate navy it is impossible to defend these main arteries. At the present time our navy costs the country about £50,000,000 a year; approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the value of the merchandise which reaches our shores. To put it in another way, our navy costs about one shilling per £100 of our national income, or three pence per £100 of the income of the Empire—a very moderate insurance premium. Incidentally, over 90 per cent. of the cost of building and upkeep of the navy goes in wages to skilled men. A far better use for the money than expending it on the "dole." Un-

employment breeds discontent, disorders and communism; a strong British Navy paves the way for prosperity, and world peace.

In a little over a year's time, when the London Treaty expires, our efficient cruisers will number only half that considered by all experts to be the irreducible minimum necessary for security. For duty with the battlefleet in home waters, and to give protection to our trade in the "narrow seas" (roughly within 1,000 miles radius of these Islands), there are only four efficient cruisers.

Not one British warship stationed East of Suez is capable of overhauling, or engaging with a reasonable prospect of success, one of the German pocket battleships; and it is only short memories which have forgotten the depredations caused in the Indian Ocean, in the early days of the Great War, by the little "Emden," the smallest cruiser in the German Navy. Our naval personnel is reduced to the danger limit, and it is useless to build ships without trained men to man them. The training of an efficient personnel takes longer than the building of a ship.

That International Dream

Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell gave a serious warning to the country when he said, at Worcester:—"It is about time that we woke up in this country, and that we looked to our National and Imperial defences, because we cannot go on pursuing an international dream of disarmament all alone." The country has also received grave warnings in recent years from such noted authorities as Lord Jellicoe and Lord Beatty and, quite recently, in even firmer language, from Sir Roger Keyes. These men *know*. They are not idealists; they deal with facts; they speak from experience; but such is the mentality of a considerable proportion of our Members of Parliament and of the public that they prefer to believe the sentimental outpourings of such idealists as Lord Cecil and Professor Gilbert Murray. On June 24th, the Bishop of Birmingham said from the pulpit, that if all attempts at universal disarmament failed he would like Great Britain to disarm and trust to International righteousness for her safety.

The policy recommended by these idealists can be defined in two words, "National suicide." Suicide is a cowardly method of avoiding responsibility. Without a navy to guard our trade routes the people of these Islands would have no bread for breakfast, no blankets to cover them at night, and no raw materials to keep our factories going. Starvation, bankruptcy and slavery, would be our lot if the Bishop's advice was followed. Unfortunately many people prefer advice from "quacks" than from those who by training and experience are qualified to speak. The policy of the "Peace at any price" party would prove a short road to war.

Egypt Since Cromer: A Tale of Surrender

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer

LORD LLOYD'S second volume brings the history of "Egypt since Cromer" from 1920 down to 1929.

During the last four of those critical years, Lord Lloyd as High Commissioner had personally to grapple with a situation created by the increasing *intransigence* of Egyptian politicians encouraged by the weak and shifting post-war policies of successive British Governments, whether Coalition, Socialist or Conservative.

He faced those difficulties with complete loyalty to his Government combined with the fearless spirit of a statesman and a trained Oriental administrator. As such he was unwilling to sacrifice the permanent welfare of the people to the dangerous post-war theory that self-determination is the sole criterion of good government even among Oriental races, who have no conception of or desire for the "blessings" of democracy.

It is because he, knowing the East, stood firm on that ground that the Baldwin Government of 1924-29, failed to give him adequate support and even sapped his authority by negotiating with Egyptian politicians behind his back.

They thus gave the new Socialist Government of 1929 an excuse for forcing the resignation of the one man who was competent to place the relations between Great Britain and Egypt on a stable and permanent basis.

Paralysing "Gestures"

Lord Lloyd was in fact removed to enable the Socialist Government to make one of those "gestures"—Lord Irwin's disastrous declaration *re* Dominion status in India took place simultaneously—which have cost the Empire so much. But he chivalrously passes lightly over the personal aspect; at least two of his predecessors had been similarly thrown over by the Coalition Government, and Voltaire's cynical remark is applicable to-day: "A strange people these English. When things go wrong they shoot an Admiral or two!"

The British method of to-day may be less sanguinary, but it kills the initiative and paralyses the energies of our administrators abroad, encourages fanatical anti-British agitation—ending in outrage and murder—by demagogues of the Zaghlul and Gandhi type, and sacrifices the interests of our own people and of those for whom we are trustees to the futile attempt to placate avowed and irreconcilable enemies.

Lord Lloyd's Volume II brings out with crystal clearness the successive stages in the Home Government's policy of surrender. A few of them may be briefly noticed.

In 1882 the protection of our imperial interests, threatened by the insolvency and growing anarchy in Egypt, compelled us to enter on a military

occupation. The subsequent reorganisation of all branches of the administration, mainly by British agency and example, under Cromer and Kitchener brought Egypt unprecedented peace and prosperity.

On the outbreak of the Great War the action of the Khedive Abbas in joining our enemies and the vital importance of securing our Eastern communications and a base against Turco-German attacks compelled us to denounce the Turkish suzerainty and depose Abbas.

The veiled protectorate gave way to a formal one, as a lesser alternative to annexation. That action was welcomed even by Lord Cromer, who wrote:

"The country has been incorporated into the British Empire. No other solution was possible. Provided that the statesmanship be skillful and that there is no undue haste, the adoption of this measure, far from hindering, will tend to facilitate the execution of that rationally liberal policy to which Great Britain is wedded in dealing with her outlying dependencies."

Unfortunately the statesmanship and patience of Cromer have since been conspicuously absent from the Home Government. He wrote before it had sacrificed its independent judgment to President Wilson's nostrum of Self-Determination.

"Complete Independence" Demand

It is significant that two days after the Armistice, the Egyptian extremists, headed by Zaghlul, demanded from the High Commissioner in Cairo its application in the form of the "complete independence" of Egypt.

Simultaneously the Indian extremists under Tilak and the Irish Republicans put forward similar demands, which in all three cases were backed by organised murder of British officials. They further endeavoured to press their claims before the Peace Conference, but without success.

The Treaty of Versailles gave international recognition to the British Protectorate in Egypt. We now held all the cards and had only to show ordinary prudence in playing them; but we failed.

At the end of 1919 the Milner Mission was sent to Egypt to report, *inter alia*,

"on the form of the Constitution which, under the Protectorate, will be best calculated to promote its peace and prosperity, the *progressive* development of self-governing institutions and the protection of foreign interests."

The Zaghlul Party, adhering to their demand for "complete independence," refused to recognise the Protectorate and enforced a rigorous boycott of the Mission. The latter, in the vain hope of conciliating them, by the Declaration of 29th December, 1919, "tore up its own terms of reference and committed the British Parliament to the abandonment of the Protectorate."

But even this ignoble surrender failed to conciliate the irreconcilables. At this stage the High

Commissioner, Lord Allenby, made the sane and logical proposal that, as a result of our victory over Turkey, she should cede to us all authority in Egypt exercised by the Sultan as Suzerain and that "the consequent right of Suzerainty based on conquest would have considerable moral authority and would fortify our position here."

This wise proposal was ignored; doubtless it was too straightforward for the "highbrows" of Whitehall.

The Mission returned in March, 1920, and was drawn into negotiations with Zaghlul and the Wafd in which they surrendered one position after another, gaining nothing in exchange.

Finally ignoring their terms of reference and on the unwarranted assumption that Zaghlul and the Wafd would and could "deliver the goods," they proposed that the British Government should make a Treaty with Egypt on the basis of their memorandum.

The first clause is startling:

"In order to establish the independence of Egypt on a secure and lasting basis, it is necessary that the relations between Great Britain and Egypt should be precisely defined," etc.

Then follow proposals for safeguarding British interests—the maintenance of a British force, a voice in the appointment of a financial and legal adviser, rights of existing foreign officials. These came under the proviso that "*Egypt will confer upon Great Britain such rights as are necessary to safeguard her special interests.*"

The Final Surrender

This was a *brutum fulmen*, for the Egyptian extremists now knew they had the British Government on the run; they had secured from it the weapon to complete its defeat; they pushed their advantage by a further campaign of assassination of British officials, until finally, on February 28th, 1922, an unwilling but nerveless British Government accepted Lord Allenby's proposals for the momentous Declaration that

"the British Protectorate over Egypt is terminated and Egypt is declared to be an independent Sovereign State."

Certain vital matters, which obviously should have been conditions precedent to the Declaration, were in the usual haphazard fashion held over for future settlement by negotiation.

As might have been expected, the Egyptian politicians, whether Moderate or Extremists, have ever since consistently challenged every one of those reservations as inconsistent with our recognition of Egypt's independence.

That *impasse*, so vividly described by Lord Lloyd, has now lasted for twelve years. If anyone could have effected a solution, he was the man. But all his efforts were frustrated by the intrigues of Egyptian politicians and the weakness and vacillation of British Ministers.

Some Vital Considerations

But even more deplorable than the surrender of British interests is the sacrifice of "the peace and prosperity" of the Egyptian people, who are the chief sufferers from the admitted deterioration in every branch of the administration which has, owing to the elimination of British officials, been deprived of British guidance and supervision. The following questions are as pertinent to-day as in 1920:—

- (1) Is the Party of Independence (Wafd) really qualified to speak, as it professes to do, on behalf of the Egyptian proper?
- (2) Has Egypt any case for claiming independence as of right, and is she in a position to maintain it, if conceded?
- (3) Do her past history and present conditions warrant the belief that "complete independence" will conduce to the "welfare and prosperity" of her people?

Anyone who reads Lord Lloyd's narrative will have no difficulty in answering these questions. Let us hope that the British Government will ponder them before it enters on further Treaty negotiations or whittles away what little is left of our own position in Egypt, and our power to secure decent standards of administration to its people.

"As We Forgive Them—!!!"

By F. J. Lewcock

THE United States having decided that payments on War Debts must be resumed, the following account—taken entirely from official sources—of the way in which large American Debts have been avoided is of interest:

On February 10th, 1830, the Mississippi State Legislature passed an act chartering the Planters' Bank and authorising the issue of State Bonds to the extent of \$3,000,000 to provide the necessary capital, pledging the faith of the State for repayment. On July 1st, 1831, \$500,000 Bonds were sold at 100½ per cent. (i.e. at a premium) and on March 1st, 1833, \$1,500,000 similar Bonds were

sold at 113½ per cent. The State of Mississippi thus received not only the full face value of these bonds in cash, but a premium of \$250,000. The bank also paid the State 10 per cent. dividends for some years, and in 1839 these payments, plus the premium, amounted to \$800,000 in the State Treasury. Four years later similar legislation was passed to float the Union Bank with a capital of \$15,000,000, one-third of which Bonds were sold through a Philadelphia banker, Nicholas Biddle, the money being received in Jackson, the State Capital, in five lots between November 1st, 1838 and July 1st, 1839, "amidst scenes of great

rejoicing"—*vide*, *Mississippi Historical Society's Publications*, Vol. III p. 330.

Governor McNutt said in 1839 that "to preserve the honour of the State unsullied it is of the last importance that these Bank Bonds be punctually paid." A Joint Committee of the Legislature says that "the sale of these bonds brought timely aid to an embarrassed community," and that more than their par value had been received. The following year Governor McNutt affirms that the faith of the State is pledged for these bonds—*Mississippi House Journal*, 1840, pp. 33 and 36. Then in 1841 Governor McNutt assails the validity of the Bonds and recommends repudiation—*Mississippi House Journal*, 1841, pp. 23 to 26. Later in the same month a Select Committee of the House of Representatives unanimously agrees that "to declare the sale of these Bonds invalid would amount to positive dishonesty and would be nothing short of skilful plundering"—*Mississippi House Journal*, 1841, pp. 241, 247.

Again in the same month and from the same source we find both the House and the Senate saying that "the insinuation that Mississippi would repudiate her Bonds is a calumny upon the justice, honour and dignity of the State." On March 1st, 1841, the Planters' Bank Bonds default and on May 1st the same year Union Bank Bonds default. In 1842 the Circuit Court of Mississippi declares the Bonds to be valid, and the Supreme Court upheld this decision, declaring the Charter pledging the credit of the State to be in order—*Case of Campbell v. Mississippi Union Bank*, 6 How. 625/683, *Law Reports*. Governor Tucker declares the transactions to have been done without authority from the State, (January 10th, 1842), but on July 10th, 1843, declares there is no moral or legal ground for not paying the Planters' Bank Bonds.

A Test Case

In 1846 Governor Brown says that the State ought to pay the Planters' Bank Bonds "to the last mill," whilst two years later on January 26th, 1848, Governor Matthews says that failure so to pay "would consign the character of the State to infamy and indelible disgrace." The next month the Mississippi State Legislature passed, by 66 votes to 5, a Bill to provide for payment of the Bonds, and by 1852 \$34,000 Bonds were so paid, in addition to which \$54,000 of Bonds were accepted in purchase of public lands.

In December a test case in the Mississippi Court of Chancery decided that the Bonds were valid and were still an obligation of the State. The Supreme Court of Mississippi in 1853 upholds this decision by unanimous vote of the Judges, and says that the *Case of Campbell v. Union Bank* (6. How. 625/683) mentioned above still holds good. (*Case of State of Mississippi v. Johnson*. 25 Miss. 625/882). Governor Foote, relinquishing office in 1854, said that some provision should be made for these Bonds "to save the honour of the State from lasting degradation."—*vide Mississippi House Journal*. p. 12. In 1859 the Auditor of Public Accounts reports to the House of Representatives that since default the sum of \$99,442 has been paid out of the Sinking Fund towards

retiring these Bonds, and that further sums amounting to \$101,520 were being paid, exhausting the Fund. Later in the same year Governor McWillie states that he has received numerous memorials from Bondholders, that the State has the necessary funds, and that it can never cost a State too much to be just. Governor Ames in 1875 signs an Amendment of the State's Constitution whereby no further consideration can be given to the claims. (*Encyclopedia of Mississippi History*, Vol. I p. 96).

On March 2nd, 1880, a Memorial of British Bondholders is received by a Joint Committee of the State Legislature which covers its refusal to deal with the Bonds honestly by referring to the above Amendment pushed through by the man they themselves have already repudiated! Two years later the Peabody Education Trustees (founded by George Peabody, the great philanthropist, who had given the Trustees large blocks of these Bonds believing them to be "as good as gold") also presented a petition which was referred to the Legislature, who decided to take no action and on October, 26th, the same year the Supreme Court of Minnesota decided that a similar repudiating Amendment passed in like circumstances in that State was unconstitutional and void. (29. *Minn.* 474/554.)

And so the sordid tale of how a great and wealthy State bilks its creditors goes on. The latest chapter can be written thus: December 10th, 1932:—The Committee of the Amsterdam Stock Exchange writes to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Mississippi on behalf of Dutch holders of these unpaid Bonds requesting information as to the carrying out of the judgment of his Court given in 1842 and confirmed in 1853.

February 9th, July 8th, and December 19th, 1932. Letters and cables sent to the Governor of Mississippi informing him that the Bondholders' Committee is still in existence. NO REPLY RECEIVED.

The Courts of the State of Mississippi have affirmed that these Bonds are valid, but the Executive refuse to put these judgments into operation. The only remaining avenue is to take the matter to the Supreme Court of the United States. This Court, however, is debarred by the Constitution from hearing claims by citizens or individual subjects against States forming the United States of America, and there has thus been a deadlock, for all the bondholders are individuals. The PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO is, however, a Sovereign State, and having lately become possessed of some of these defaulted Bonds recently launched an action against the State of Mississippi. The U.S. Supreme Court, however, disallowed the suit.

The total amount of these Bonds still outstanding is (not including interest!) Planters' Bank Bonds, \$1,912,000; Union Bank Bonds, \$5,000,000, and most of them are still held in Europe.

Those who are good at arithmetic can work out 6 per cent. since 1831/3 on the former and 5 per cent. since 1838 on the latter and let me know what it comes to. We might then find America owing us something—which would be a change!!!

British Air Material

By Oliver Stewart

IT seems to be the custom of this country to produce brilliant engineers and brilliant executants and then to deliver them into the hands of the politicians so that their best efforts may be stultified. The flying display held at Hendon aerodrome last Monday, by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, provided many striking examples of this custom and of its results. Although the regulations governing the flying precluded many of the more exciting aerobatics, the level of flying skill displayed was amazingly high, and it seems quite certain that no group of pilots from any other country in the world could give a better exhibition. I watched, with the highest admiration, the evolutions of the Armstrong Whitworth "Scimitar," when it was being flown by Mr. Turner-Hughes. With a top speed of about 225 miles an hour, the machine yet answers instantaneously to the slightest touch upon the controls and swings from one bank to another, with lightning rapidity.

But among the service types of aeroplane, this machine and a handful of others, were the only ones that could be said to represent any real advance upon previous practice. For the rest, the service types were in the main disappointing. Precisely what the Air Ministry is attempting to evolve in those extraordinary general purpose aircraft, I do not know. I do know that aero-

dynamically, the machines are mostly inferior to machines produced many years ago. As one pilot remarked, the average Austin Seven is better streamlined than some of the new general purpose types built to Air Ministry specification. Upon inquiry from the designers, I learnt that they themselves are fully aware of the aerodynamic faults of these machines, but that, if they are seeking Air Ministry orders, they have no choice but to produce them in that form. General purpose machines which are to fly over the North West Frontier, for instance, must have flotation bags and be able to carry torpedos!

The lesson to be learnt from this display, then, is that our designers possess the skill to maintain their lead over all others, but that to exercise that skill to the best advantage of the country in general, they must enjoy a greater degree of freedom than they do at present. Air Ministry specifications must be more general and less detailed and there must be a considerable acceleration in the time taken to test new types and order them on a production basis. Without the stimulus of the Schneider Trophy to keep them to the point, there is an appreciable and growing risk that the air authorities will hinder rather than help progress in aircraft and aero-engine development. That is the lesson this country should learn from Monday's display.

Eve in Paris

PARIS, advertising the "Grande Saison" has been blowing her own trumpet loudly, calling herself "Ville Lumière," "Joie du Monde," "Reine d'Elégance" and other pretty names, and inviting the world to visit her. She is determined to be more attractive than ever. To further this ambition Parisian personalities have met in consultation but their views differ; the Aristocracy and the "Haut Commerce," desiring to restore social life and traditional splendours, and the Government inclining to popular amusements, distracting the masses' attention from taxation, unemployment, and décrets lois. The Prince de Broglie's suggestion of a costume ball at Versailles, and a grand Gala at Le Bourget were vetoed on the ground that these would excite revolutionary manifestations. So "La Grande Saison" passes resembling others, with races, polo and gay and crowded garden parties. Novelties for the crowd are torch processions, river fêtes, military concerts, and illuminations. For a fortnight Paris will be thronged; but "One swallow doesn't make a drink" and the parched throat of Parisian commerce requires a deeper draught to be refreshed.

The representatives of ten thousand Parisian shop-keepers met at the Salle Wagram, to protest against their taxation and rentals, exorbitant under prevailing conditions. They decided to visit the Chambre and ask for relief. In the Champs Elysées police intervened. The irate merchants knocked down the agents, seized their rifles, and marched on. They were stopped before reaching their destination, and 170 arrests made. This significant affair was reported in the American press, but ignored by most French newspapers.

* * *

The marriage of Count Mathieu de Noailles to his niece Yolande de Noailles came as a surprise to society. Only intimate friends suspected an engagement, disapproved of by the family. Count Mathieu lost his wife, the admired poetess, Anna, about a year ago. Yolande de Noailles is the eldest daughter of the Duc de Noailles and sister of the Duc d'Ayen. She possesses simple tastes and remarkable intelligence, and is devoted to her husband, in spite of a great difference of age.

The German Imbroglia

"Heil, Hitler!" !!!

By Robert Machray

WHETHER he meant to or not, Herr Hitler has certainly succeeded in startling and impressing the world again. He was the central figure in the series of intensely dramatic events that took place in Germany over last weekend. These, however, have their reverberations far beyond that country, and no one can doubt that they must have an important bearing, not only on the particular position of the Reich, but also on the general situation—which, of course, concerns us most. The internal government of Germany is her own affair, but her foreign policy is a different thing.

It is quite possible that the full and exact truth respecting all that occurred in Berlin and Munich, the foci of these extraordinary occurrences, will never be known. At present, almost the only information available is that which is provided direct by the German Government itself or is permitted to be transmitted by it. The German Press is completely controlled and foreign correspondents are not in much better case; more of the truth, or other aspects of it, will doubtless come out later, and, of course, there is always the "other side."

Wide Conspiracy

According to the news received, there would seem to be no question that there actually was a genuine and fairly wide conspiracy against Hitler among the commanders of the Storm Troops, with Captain Roehm, their Chief of Staff, at its head. In brief, it was to be an attempt at achieving the "second revolution," as Dr. Goebbels described it in a broadcast address. Perhaps a "counter-revolution" would be a better term; and a good deal of detail is given in confirmation both of its personnel and specific character.

For weeks past, rumours, apparently with substance behind them, had been current of discontent and even disaffection in both the Right and Left sections of the Nazi Party. For the one, Von Papen had criticised the Nazi policy in a speech at Marburg in mid-June, and for the other, about a month previously, Roehm had emphasised the Socialist aspect of Nazism; these men might be taken as representing the two extremes. Both Goebbels and Goering retaliated by attacking "club armchair critics" and by sternly warning the extremists of both wings. Only the other day, General von Blomberg, the Reich Minister of Defence, probably with reference to what was going on, said that the Reichswehr, which is the German Army, lined itself under Hitler.

General Blomberg's declaration suggested that Hitler need have no apprehension respecting the attitude of the Right, and it was on representations of the Left that Hitler made his sudden sloop and took such summary and drastic ven-

geance. It is now stated that proofs exist that the programme of the "revolutionaries" included a purely Socialistic dictatorship, with the nationalisation of the banks and of the key industries, under the rule of the Storm Troops.

Yet already a report is being spread—not in Germany, but outside—that the whole business was nothing other than a "put-up job," that is, that there was no attempt at a revolution at all, and that Hitler, Goering and Goebbels, and more particularly Goering, invented the conspiracy in order to rid themselves of some former close associates for whom they had no longer any use, and to prepare the way for a definite turn to the Right. This hypothesis, for it cannot be said to be more than that, is made by those enemies of Hitler who have always held that the Reichstag fire was a "put-up job," and was the work of Goering.

Personal Courage

But it is the German "Liberals" and Communists who are putting about this idea and the facts, so far as known, are dead against it. Whatever the full truth of the whole affair may be, the vitally significant thing which emerges is, according to all accounts, that Hitler has greatly improved and strengthened his own position. "Heil, Hitler!" once more resounds throughout all Germany. Marshal Hindenburg speaks of Hitler's personal courage, and indeed it is impossible to read the narratives of his determined, bold and successful action at Munich without seeing that he is anything but the weak blatherskite he was once said to be. The vast majority of Germans will, I think, agree with their President, when he told Hitler, "You have saved the German people from serious danger."

There seems to be an impression in this country that the upshot of what happened in Berlin and Munich will be that Hitler, basing himself henceforward on the Reichswehr and the Right, will pursue a much more "moderate" policy than that of the last few months. Those who think so should read what von Blomberg said of German aims in the speech mentioned above, or at least try to recall what the Right, with its Junkers, generals, and big industrialists, has always stood for as regards German foreign policy.

Hitler and his policy are as formidable as ever, probably more so. This is the truth of the whole matter so far as England and the rest of Europe are concerned. Yet there are people among us, like Arthur Henderson, who continue to prate of disarmament, as if it was within the range of practical politics. Whereas, it is nothing but a fond thing vainly imagined. We have to look at things as they are and shape our course accordingly.

The Man Who Died for Ulster

By Clive Rattigan

IF ever a man gave his life for a cause it was the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson. As Sir James Craig observed in the Ulster House of Commons when announcing Sir Henry's assassination in London: "A short time ago I had occasion to ask his assistance in our hour of trial and trouble and difficulty and his answer was very characteristic. There was no hesitation; no thought was necessary. He said, 'You need hardly have asked me. Now that you have, all that I can do for you shall be done for the cause of my country.' I believe that the acceptance of that request has cost him his life, and I am sure he would not have had it otherwise."

As Member for North Down at Westminster he was among the most vigorous assailants of the Coalition Government's Irish policy, lashing out against Mr. Lloyd George's betrayal of Ulster with an eloquence and vehemence that surprised many politicians who had not expected to find an orator in a great soldier.

But Sir Henry did not confine himself to mere words. His interpretation of the task assigned to him by Sir James Craig was as thorough as his preparation had been for the Great War.

His Great War Services

When he became Commandant of the Staff College in 1907 he had already foreseen whither German ambitions were tending and that they must involve inevitably conflict with Britain as well as with France. Accordingly all his teaching was directed towards inculcating the imminence of war on the grand scale.

Not content with mere general admonitions on this subject he utilised his vacations for taking trips to the Continent and bicycling up and down the whole length of the Franco-German frontier, studying all the strategical and tactical probabilities and acquainting himself, wherever that was possible, with officers of the French Army. Thus, incidentally, he came to know, and to appreciate the talents of Ferdinand Foch, whose appointment as Allied Commander-in-Chief on the Western Front was later to be brought about largely, if not wholly, by Sir Henry's insistence upon his friend's great merits and the necessity of "unity in command."

When at the outbreak of the War he accompanied Sir John French as Assistant Chief of the General Staff, his knowledge of the *terrain* and intimacy with the French commanders was to prove of immense service both to the British Army and to the French; while as the War progressed and he advanced from one responsible post to another till, from being British Military representative on the Allied War Council, he became Chief of the Imperial General Staff, his contribution towards the ultimate Allied victory became more and more marked and invaluable.

The late Lord Birkenhead fittingly summed up Sir Henry's magnificent War record when he said:

"Every one knows that a part which had always been distinguished became almost decisive in the last few years of the war, but only those who were at that time members of one or other of the Governments which were responsible for the fortunes of the war know the full extent of the debt which this country owed to the ingenuity, resource and imaginative capacity and soldierly science of Sir Henry Wilson."

And just as he had prepared himself for the War he knew was coming, so, too, he set about safeguarding the future of Ulster.

He had no illusions about the peaceful orderly progress of Southern Ireland under the Treaty. He realised that the revolutionary forces in Southern Ireland were far stronger than sentimentalists in England allowed themselves to believe. He knew that if once those forces got the upper hand, there would be plenty of trouble for Ulster, if she had not in the meantime looked after her own defence.

So, with the same zeal he had displayed in studying the *terrain* of the Franco-German frontiers, he set about traversing the Ulster-Free State borders. He was leaving nothing to chance.

A Great Soldier and Patriot

And because the fanatical revolutionaries of the South realised the obstacle Sir Henry might be and had indeed become to the carrying out of a programme that was to make the whole of Ireland a Republic independent of Britain and the Empire, his death was planned. Doubtless they hoped that his assassination would strike terror into Ulster and so pave the way to the fulfilment of their sinister ambitions. If this was the case, they signally failed to appreciate the temper of the Ulster people.

Sir Henry was killed, but the cause for which he died remains very much alive.

"We soldiers," said Sir Henry in unveiling within an hour of his own death a memorial to Great Eastern railwaymen, killed in the War, "count as our gains our losses. Those men we love most to honour are those who died in a great cause."

Similarly Ulster will always honour the memory of the man who died for her.

A man of high principle and far-sighted vision; a great soldier and a still greater patriot. In action and in word he never deviated from the course he felt to be right, whatever the consequences might be to himself. In the war his military zeal and vision brought him immense influence, authority and power; after it, all three were willingly sacrificed in the cause of Ulster and the Empire.

His best memorial, as the Bishop of Norwich remarked about him, are the great services he rendered during his life. He is among those who are happy in the Elysian fields, *Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo*.

Eng Man Who Died for U.S.

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Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson



(Elliott & Fry

A great Soldier and a great Patriot murdered by the enemies of his Country

Surrey Shooting

Mr. Jorrocks in Trouble

By R. S. Surtees

[Continued from previous issue]

[Mr. Jorrocks, who is appealing at the Croydon Sessions against his conviction for trespass upon Mr. Cheatum's estate, is represented by Mr. Smirk, who addresses the Court.]

SILENCE having been called and procured, Mr. Smirk, a goodish-looking man for a lawyer, having deliberately unfolded his brief, which his clerk had scored plentifully in the margin, to make the attorney believe he had read it very attentively, rose to address the Court—a signal for half the magistrates to pull their newspapers out of their pockets, and the other half to settle down for a nap, all the sport being considered over when the affiliation cases closed.

"I have the honour to appear on behalf of Mr. Jorrocks," said Mr. Smirk, "a gentleman of the very highest consideration—a fox-hunter—a shooter—and a grocer. In ordinary cases it might be necessary to prove the party's claim to respectability, but in this instance I feel myself relieved from any such obligation, knowing, as I do, that there is no one in this court, no one in these realms—I might also add, no one in this world—to whom the fame of my most respectable, my most distinguished, and much-injured client is unknown. Not to know JORROCKS is indeed to argue oneself unknown.

"This is a case of no ordinary interest, and I approach it with a deep sense of its importance, conscious of my inability to do justice to the subject, and lamenting that it has not been entrusted to abler hands. It is a case involving the commercial and the sporting character of a gentleman against whom the breath of calumny has never yet been drawn—of a gentleman who in all the relations of life, whether as a husband, a fox-hunter, a shooter, or a grocer, has invariably preserved that character and reputation so valuable in commercial life, so necessary in the sporting world, and so indispensable to a man moving in general society. Were I to look round London town in search of a bright specimen of a man combining the upright, sterling integrity of the honourable British merchant of former days with the ardour of the English foxhunter of modern times, I would select my most respectable client, Mr. Jorrocks. He is a man for youth to imitate and revere! Conceive, then, the horror of a man of his delicate sensibility, of his nervous dread of depreciation, being compelled to appear here this day to vindicate his character, nay, more, his honour, from one of the foulest attempts at conspiracy that was ever directed against any individual. I say that a grosser attack was never made upon the character of any grocer, and I look confidently to the reversion of this unjust, unprecedented conviction, and to the triumphant victory of my most respectable and public-spirited client. It is not for the sake of the few paltry shillings that he appeals to this Court—it is not for the sake of calling in question the power of the constituted authorities of this county—but it is for the vindication and preservation of a character dear to all men, but doubly dear to a grocer, and which once lost can never be regained. Look, I say, upon my client, as he sits below the witness-box, and say if in that countenance there appears any indication of a lawless or rebellious spirit; look, I say, if the milk of human kindness is not strikingly portrayed in every feature, and truly may I exclaim, in the words of the poet—

"If to his share some trifling errors fall
Look in his face, and you'll forget them all."

I regret to be compelled to trespass upon the valuable time of the Court; but, sir, this appeal is based on a trespass, and one good trespass deserves another."

The learned gentleman then proceeded to detail the proceedings of the day's shooting, and afterwards to analyse the enactments of the New Game Bill, which he

denounced as arbitrary, oppressive, and ridiculous, and concluded a long and energetic speech by calling upon the Court to reverse the decision of the magistrate and not support the preposterous position of fining a man for a trespass committed by his toe.

Daring Effrontery

After a few minutes had elapsed, Mr. Serjeant Bumptious, a stiff, bull-headed little man, desperately pitted with the small-pox, rose to reply, and looking round the court, thus commenced:

"Five-and-thirty years have I passed in Courts of Justice, but never, during a long and extensive practice, have I witnessed so gross a perversion of that sublimest gift, called eloquence, as within the last hour,"—here he banged his brief against the table, and looked at Mr. Smirk, who smiled. "I lament, sir, that it has not been employed in a better cause (bang again—and another look). My learned friend has, indeed, laboured to make the worst appear the better cause—to convert into a trifle one of the most outrageous acts that ever disgraced a human being or a civilised country. Well did he describe the importance of this case!—important as regards his client's character—important as regards this great and populous county—important as regards those social ties by which society is held together—important as regards a legislative enactment, and important as regards the well-being and prosperity of the whole nation (bang, bang, bang). I admire the bombastic eloquence with which my learned friend introduced his *most distinguished* client—his *most* delicate-minded, sensitive client! Truly, to hear him speaking, I should have thought he had been describing a lovely, blushing young lady, but when he comes to exhibit his paragon of perfection, and points out that great red-faced, coarse, vulgar-looking, lubberly hump of humanity (here Bumptious looked at Jorrocks as though he would eat him) sitting below the witness-box, and seeks to enlist the sympathies of your worships on the bench—of *you, gentlemen*, the high-minded, shrewd, penetrating judges of this important cause (and Bumptious smiled and bowed along the bench upon all whose eyes he could catch) on behalf of such a monster of iniquity, it does make one blush for the degradation of the British bar (bang, bang, bang—Jorrocks here looked unutterable things). Does my learned friend think by displaying his hero as a fox-hunter, and extolling his prowess in the field, to gain over the sporting magistrates on the bench? He knows little of the upright integrity, the uncompromising honesty, the undeviating, inflexible impartiality that pervades the breast of every member of this tribunal; if he thinks, for the sake of gain, fear, favour, hope, or reward, to influence the opinion, much less turn the judgment, of any one of them. (Here Bumptious bowed very low to them all, and laid his hand upon his heart. Tomkins nodded approbation.) Far, far be it from me to dwell with unbecoming asperity on the conduct of anyone—we are all mortals, and alike liable to err; but when I see a man who has been guilty of an act which has brought him all but within the verge of the prisoner's dock; I say, when I see a man who has been guilty of such an outrage on society as this ruffian Jorrocks, come forward with the daring effrontery that he has this day done, and claim redress where he himself is the offender, it does create a feeling in my mind divided between disgust and amazement" (bang).

Here Jorrocks's cauldron boiled over, and rising from

his seat with an outstretched shoulder-of-mutton fist, he bawled out, "Damn you, sir, what do you mean?"

The Court was thrown into amazement, and even Bumptious quailed before the fist of the mighty Jorrocks. "I claim the protection of the Court," he exclaimed. Mr. Tomkins interposed, and said he should certainly order Mr. Jorrocks into custody if he repeated his conduct, adding that it was "most disrespectful to the justices of our Lord the King."

Bumptious paused a little to gather breath and a fresh volume of venom wherewith to annihilate Jorrocks, and catching his eye, he transfixed him like a rattlesnake, and again resumed.

"How stands the case?" said he. "This cockney grocer—for after all he is nothing else—who I dare say scarcely knows a hawk from a handsaw—leaves his figs and raisins, and sets out on a marauding excursion into the county of Surrey, and, regardless of property—of boundaries—of laws—of liberties—of life itself—strides over every man's land, letting drive at whatever comes in his way! The hare he shot on this occasion was a *pet* hare! For three successive summers had Miss Cheatum watched and fed it with all the interest and anxiety of a parent. I leave it to you, gentlemen, who have daughters of your own, with pets also, to picture to yourselves the agony of her mind in finding that her favourite had found its way down the throat of that great guzzling, gormandizing, cockney cormorant; and then, forsooth, because he is fined for the outrageous trespass, he comes here as the injured party, and instructs his counsel to indulge in Billingsgate abuse that would disgrace the mouth of an Old Bailey practitioner! I regret that instead of the insignificant fine imposed upon him, the law did not empower the worthy magistrate to send him to the treadmill, there to recreate himself for six or eight months, as a warning to the whole fraternity of lawless vagabonds." Here he nodded his head at Jorrocks, as much as to say, "I'll trounce you, my boy!" He then produced maps and plans of the different estates, and a model of the shed, to show how it had all happened, and after going through the case in such a strain as would induce one to believe it was a trial for murder or high treason, concluded as follows:

Rights and Blessings

"The eyes of England are upon us! Reverse this conviction, and you let loose a rebel band upon the country, ripe for treason, stratagem, or spoil—you overturn the finest order of society in the world; henceforth no man's property will be safe, the laws will be disregarded; and even the upright, talented, and independent magistracy of England brought into contempt. But I feel convinced that your decision will be far otherwise—that by it you will teach these hot-headed, rebellious, radical grocers that they cannot offend with impunity, and show them that there is a law which reaches even the lowest and meanest inhabitant of these realms, that amid these days of anarchy and innovation you will support the laws and aristocracy of this country, that you will preserve to our children, and our children's children, those rights and blessings which a great and enlightened administration have conferred upon ourselves, and raise for Tomkins of Tomkins and the magistracy of the proud county of Surrey, a name resplendent in modern times, and venerated to all eternity."

Here Bumptious cast a parting frown at Jorrocks, and banging down his brief, tucked his gown under his arm, turned on his heel and left the court, to indulge in a glass of pale sherry and a sandwich, regardless which way the verdict went, so long as he had given him a good quilting. The silence that followed had the effect of rousing some of the dozing justices, who nudging those who had fallen asleep, they all began to stir themselves, and having laid their heads together, during which time they settled the dinner hour for that day, and the meets of the staghounds for the next fortnight, they began to talk of the matter before the Court.

"I vote for reversing," said Squire Jolthead, "Jorrocks is such a capital fellow." "I must support Boreem," said Squire Hicks, "he gave me a turn when

I made the mistaken commitment of Gipsy Jack." "What do you say, Mr. Giles?" inquired Mr. Tomkins. "Oh, anything you like, Mr. Tomkins." "And you, Mr. Hopper?" who had been asleep all the time. "Oh, guilty, I should say; three months at the treadmill—privately whipped if you like," was the reply. Mr. Petty always voted on whichever side Bumptious was counsel—the learned serjeant having married his sister—and four others always followed the chair.

Tomkins then turned round, the magistrates resumed their seats along the bench, and coming forward he stood before the judge's chair, and taking off his hat with solemn dignity and precision laid it down exactly in the centre of the desk, amid cries from the bailiffs and ushers for "*Silence*," while the Justices of the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, deliver the judgment of the Court."

Case Dismissed

"The appellant in this case," said Mr. Tomkins, very slowly, "seeks to set aside a conviction for trespass, on the ground, as I understand, of his not having committed one. The principal points of the case are admitted, as also the fact of Mr. Jorrocks's toe, or a part of his toe, having intruded upon the respondent's estate. Now, as far as that point is concerned, it seems clear to myself and to my brother magistrates, that it mattereth not how much or how little of the toe was upon the land, so long as any part thereof was there. '*De minimis non curat lex*'—the English of which is 'the law taketh no cognizance of fractions'—is a maxim among the salaried judges of the inferior courts in Westminster Hall, which we, the unpaid, the in-cor-rup-ti-ble magistrates of the proud county of Surrey, have adopted in the very deep and mature deliberation that preceded the formation of our most solemn judgment. In the present great and important case, we, the unpaid magistrates of our Sovereign Lord the King, do not consider it necessary that there should be 'a toe, a whole toe, and nothing but a toe,' to constitute a trespass, any more than it would be necessary in the case of an assault to prove that the kick was given by the foot, the whole foot, and nothing but the foot. If any part of the toe was there, the law considers that it was there in *to-to*. Upon this doctrine, it is clear that Mr. Jorrocks was guilty of a trespass, and the conviction must be affirmed. Before I dismiss the case, I must say a few words on the statute under which this decision takes place.

"This is the first conviction that has taken place since the passing of the Act, and will serve as a precedent throughout all England. I congratulate the country upon the efficacy of the tribunal to which it has been submitted. The Court has listened with great and becoming attention to the arguments of the counsel on both sides; and though one gentleman, with a flippant ignorance, has denounced this new law as inferior to the pre-existing system, and a curse to the country, we, the magistrates of the proud county of Surrey, must enter our protest against such a doctrine being promulgated. Peradventure, you are all acquainted with my prowess as a shooter; I won two silver tankards at the Red House, Anno Domini, 1815. I mention this to show that I am a practical sportsman, and as to the theory of the Game Laws, I derive my information from the same source that you may all derive yours—from the bright, refulgent pages of the *New Sporting Magazine*!"

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

The Adventurer

By Dan Russell

TARA was lying asleep with his four sisters, snuggled closely into the belly of his mother, when the vixen stretched until the claws in her pads struck out like thorns. The movement awoke the cubs who mewed fretfully and crawled around in the darkness of the earth. The little vixen shook herself, and stepping daintily over the squirming bodies of her cubs, she crawled up the narrow tunnel to the outside world where the dawn had broken. Down in the oven where the cubs had been born it was almost dark, and the air was heavy with the stench of old rabbit-skins and paunches. The vixen had made no nest for them so that they lay upon the bare ground amidst the remains of former meals. For the first fifteen days of their lives the cubs had remained in the oven, feeding and sleeping. But after the eyelids had ungummed, disclosing eyes of a watery blue like those of kittens, they had grown venturesome.

Tara was the eldest and boldest of the five. It was he who had first made the terrifying journey up the long tunnel to the upper air. He had gained the daylight before his courage left him and he lay mewling and calling to his mother. The vixen had found him sprawling upon the heap of earth at the entrance to the hole and had carried him back by the scruff of his neck.

Soon after his mother had left the earth, Tara was bored with his sisters and left them. He crawled up to the playground on the heap of soil. The little beech-wood was filled with the morning song of the birds and the summer sun warmed the ground. Tara lay on his back and waited for his sisters but they did not come. He rolled over and played with his newest toy, the skull of a rabbit, patting it first with one paw, then with the other. The pellets of dried earth inside the skull made a pleasing rattle as they rolled from side to side. In the gray coat of cubdom and with his round face Tara looked more like a persian kitten than a fox-cub. He soon grew tired of his solitary play and lay quietly blinking in the sunlight. Suddenly a shadow flitted past his nose and a peacock butterfly settled on the earth before him. He regarded the brilliant insect with interest and made a dab at it with his paw; it rose and fluttered away between the beeches.

Tara gave a spit of anger and followed. The butterfly was soon lost among the trees, but Tara trotted on. He was in a new world which was full of strange and interesting things. A family of blue-tits swung in the branches and sang their thin, reedy song "Ticky, ticky, tick." A black-bird startled him with its abrupt alarm call; small voles and mice moved and rustled in the bracken. Suddenly he saw a round, bright thing shining in the leaves before him. He hissed at it, but it did not move. Very cautiously he approached and, greatly daring, sniffed it. It remained still, so he patted it with one paw and it rolled sideways.

He played with the old cocoa-tin for some minutes, rolling on his back and biting it with his

tiny milk-teeth. Then all at once he realised that he was hungry, so he left the tin and turned back towards the earth. But the fronds of bracken grew high about him, and even the drifts of dead leaves were mountains to a tiny fox-cub. For a minute or two he waddled on, but there was no sign of the earth. Tara was lost. He sat upon his haunches and mewed plaintively, but the vixen did not come. He was not afraid, but he was hungry and tired and wanted to be once more in the cool, smelly oven which was his home. A jay flew into the branches overhead and broke into his rough, tearing screech at the sight of Tara.

Suddenly there was a rustling in the bracken and the jay flew off with a loud chatter of alarm. The rustling grew louder, and through the undergrowth came a yellow cat; he was large and ragged, and his ears were torn by many combats. For many months he had lived in the woods taking toll of the animals and birds; all the woodland dwellers gave him a wide berth save the badgers who feared nothing but man. The keeper had tried to catch him, but he was too cunning for any trap. He moved stealthily, crouching low to the ground. Tara was terrified by this prowling stranger. He crouched low in the bracken, his little heart thumping against his ribs. The cat came on until he was barely a yard away; then his yellow eyes saw the scrap of fur between the fronds and he stiffened, his tail twitched and he sprang.

As he landed, his claws sank into Tara's flank; the cub squealed and bit into the near fore-foot with all the strength of his tiny jaws. The cat dropped him in surprise, and Tara squealed again. The cat had thought Tara to be a plump young rabbit but he had had a rude awakening. In the ordinary way he would not have interfered with a fox; but he was angry now for Tara had hurt him. He crouched and sprang again. As he did so there was a bustle of leaves, and a ruddy thunder bolt struck him in mid-air; the shock knocked him sideways and before he could recover the vixen was upon him. He fought back savagely, but he was underneath and the vixen had pinned him by the shoulder.

It was ended as quickly as it had begun. The cat freed himself and limped painfully away dragging one foreleg, while the vixen picked up Tara and carried him back to the earth. Neither of them saw the keeper who watched from the shelter of a beech some yards away. Back again in the earth, Tara ate with his sisters while his mother licked him; his side were grazed by the cat's claws but his hurts were small, and with the swift forgetfulness of youth the adventures went to sleep. Suddenly a gunshot shattered the silence. Two hundred yards away the keeper took a spent cartridge from his gun and looked down with satisfaction at the carcase of the yellow cat.

In the earth the little vixen blew through her nostrils in alarm, but Tara slept quietly on, one paw resting on his mother's neck.

The Fishing Industry

Part I—The Men

By Fish-Hawk

FISHERMEN have always been regarded as more or less a race apart, and indeed they are quite distinct from their brethren who man our mercantile vessels. How true this is, can only be realised by those who really know these men. The great difference between fishermen and merchant seamen is this, that whereas both follow the sea for their living, the one travels widely and sees a good deal of the world, while the other by his calling is bound to his own port. The fisherman's spells ashore are so short, that he has little or no opportunity for travel, and so is often as hidebound, as any country bumpkin from the remotest village.

But whatever one may say against fishermen—and some people say a great deal—there can be no denying that these men are the grandest, truest hearted crowd of fellows that one can meet—they are the real salt of the earth. No man on earth works harder, and few get less reward for their labour, yet there are no fishermen's strikes, while the supply of men for the ships is much in excess of the demand. During a dozen or more years spent among fishermen one naturally meets some characters of outstanding interest, men whose names in any other walk of life would be famous, and yet because they were "just fishermen," they are unheard of outside their own small circle.

A Grand Old Man

Take for example that grand old man Skipper Jack Kelly who long years ago was Admiral to one of the North Sea Fleets. Jack could neither read nor write when he became skipper, yet he taught himself to do both, and in addition *made his own chart of the North Sea*; though to the day of his retirement he never mastered the use of a sextant. His only instrument (*sic*) was the deep sea lead, and all he needed to determine his position was a sounding, and a sample of the sea bottom. For so great was his knowledge of the sea bed that he could tell to within a mile or so his position on the chart, simply by feeling, and sometimes *tasting* the sand brought up on the lead. No repercussion sounding instruments for him, nor wireless and cross bearings, yet in foggy weather I would back him against the most modern trawler and her skipper.

The change in modern methods both of fishing and navigating has had a tendency to make things much easier for the man on the bridge, but nothing can ever improve the men themselves, for that is impossible. One has only to sail with the modern fisherman to realise his sterling qualities; in bygone days these men had the name of being intemperate, uneducated, almost uncivilised. But no such accusation can be levelled at their modern equivalents. A much higher standard of education is required of these men, if they are to make good in their chosen profession, while their

morals are in no way better or worse than those of any other section of society.

Modern methods of fishing are causing other changes among the men, by making them specialists at one particular kind of fishing. Thus one finds men who go nowhere but to Iceland, others only to Färøe or Rockall, while still others specialise in the White Sea, Morocco coast, or the newly developed grounds round Bear Island. These "specialists" think it beneath their dignity to go to the North Sea for a trip, even though it was there that most of them learnt the rudiments of their trade. I have seen many a fisherman's son come out in his father's ship, at about 15 years of age, and gradually mount the ladder of promotion until he was promoted bo'sun. Then suddenly one misses the now familiar young face, and on enquiry is informed that he has become an "Icelandman." In all probability one will never see the lad again in the North Sea trawlers—while if he works hard, saves his money and goes to the nautical schools which are run for fishermen, he will in time become skipper of one of those very Icelandmen he joined as a deck hand.

Brains and Brawn

In the old days, mates and skippers tickets were given without any examination worthy of the name, the mere fact that a man had done several years at sea, and was considered a good man by his skipper, would ensure his obtaining his mates ticket. While a further twelve months satisfactory service plus the added recommendation of the trawler owner was all that was necessary to gain his promotion to command. These "servitude" tickets as they were called are in many cases still in use. One skipper I know who can neither read nor write, is still in command of a trawler.

The tremendous increase in the distances between fishing port and fishing ground has altered all this, and, nowadays, men are called upon to pass a very stiff examination both for mate and skipper; while the various Insurance Companies who handle fishing craft insurance, have special extra tests of their own which have to be passed before a man may assume command of a vessel insured by them. The exams proper, are regulated by the Board of Trade, and the men are required to attend the proper schools in their ports for tuition before taking the exam. They are becoming stiffer each year and now entail a first class knowledge of the Articles of Seamanship, nautical astronomy, reduction of soundings, variation and deviation of the compass and other subjects—while in addition all mates and skippers must possess a St. John's First Aid Certificate.

So it will be seen that it requires brains as well as brawn to become a trawler skipper nowadays. But at heart the men are still the same, and let us hope that in this respect they will never change.

The New Kind of Water

By J. A. Lauwerys

ONE of the most disconcerting aspects of the advance of scientific research is that we are continually presented with the fact that things are really much more complicated than we had thought. Think of the atmosphere for instance. Until 1894 it was considered to consist mainly of a mixture of two gases: oxygen and nitrogen, together with a little water vapour and carbonic acid gas.

But in that year Lord Rayleigh, one of the most brilliant physicists of the last century, found certain small anomalies which later, with the collaboration of Sir William Ramsay, led him to isolate from the air a whole group of gases, some of which are now quite commonly used in the manufacture of electric light bulbs and of advertisement signs. It was a remarkable discovery and caused a sensation as great as that recently caused by "heavy water," the discovery of which was mentioned in the "Saturday Review" several months ago.

New Quantum Mechanics

Here also it was the analysis of small discrepancies which led to the big discovery. It seemed that hydrogen atoms weighed more than they should and this led to the suggestion that ordinary hydrogen really consisted of two different kinds of atoms, one of which, present only in very small quantities, was just twice as heavy as the other and spectroscopic observations confirmed the idea. This last statement means that a little hydrogen gas was enclosed in a glass tube and a heavy current of electricity passed through it.

Under this treatment the gas produces a beautiful, bluish light which is allowed to pass through an arrangement of slits, lenses and prisms and thus decomposed into its prime constituents: pure, one-colour lines of light. These are then examined and from observations made on them theoretical deductions can be drawn as regards the state of affairs within the atom which emits the light.

Now, physicists have recently developed a very powerful method of mathematical analysis called—respectfully by the uninitiated—the New Quantum Mechanics. When this tool was employed to analyse the new results, it led to the opinion that the two varieties of hydrogen should be capable of easy separation by passing a current of electricity through water.

As everybody knows, the latter is a chemical compound of hydrogen and oxygen, in the proportion of two atoms of the former to one of the latter, so that it is represented by the mystic formula H_2O . Pure water does not conduct electricity, but when acids or alkalis are added it becomes quite a good conductor.

Now, if there are two varieties of hydrogen (let us call them H^1 and H^2) there ought to be two varieties of water H^1H^1O and H^1H^2O , perhaps even a third H^2H^2O . Well, the theoretical predic-

tion was that the first of these should be more easily decomposed by the current than the second.

Lewis and MacDonald, two American chemists, set out to test this point. They started with about 5 gallons of water from an old electrolytic cell and went on passing an electric current through it until its volume was reduced to about half a cubic centimetre, that is, about a thousandth of a pint.

By all the ordinary chemical tests, this small quantity of liquid was still exactly the same as ordinary water. But, bulk for bulk, it weighed about 11 per cent. more, it froze at 39 deg. F., boiled at 215 deg. F. and so on. In other words to the physicist it appeared as a different liquid.

This is a curious commentary on the naïve optimism of scientists who had always looked on water as such a safe, humdrum and commonplace liquid and in consequence had adopted its freezing and boiling point as standards by which to graduate their thermometers. Of course, they were not led astray very much because ordinary water contains only a small fraction of heavy water: about a tablespoonful in a hundred gallons. Still, when one remembers how much water there is in the oceans, it is evident that deuterium (i.e. the heavy hydrogen atoms) is really by no means rare and it is curious that we should have had to wait so long before we knew of its existence.

Micro-analysis

There is no doubt at all that it will ultimately be possible to separate the two waters fairly easily. Ordinary distillation, long continued seems to produce an effect and probably a chemical method involving the auxiliary use of ammonia gas will also be successful.

Further investigations have shown that the new "heavy water" kills small fishes, tadpoles and worms and it is quite possible that it would be fatal to man. What a chance for the writers of detective stories: here is a poison which would be absolutely untastable and undetectable! Still, who knows?

Dr. Thorndike might have come across the work recently carried out at Cambridge by A. and L. Farkas, who are developing methods of micro-analysis. And in any case the preparation of heavy water would no doubt cause a marked increase in electricity bills, and these might furnish a clue.

It appears, then, that a very interesting new chapter of science is opening. Physicists are finding the heavy hydrogen atom a very useful battering ram with which other atoms may be knocked to pieces. And in chemistry also, an enormous and terrifying prospect opens up; we could attempt to substitute deuterium in all the hundreds of thousands of compounds of hydrogen; for instance, it should be possible to prepare thirteen different kinds of benzene! It sounds like the bad dream of a student, but what a pleasure for the examiners.

Is Democracy Doomed?

CAN Democracy survive? This is perhaps the greatest political question of our bewildered and bewildering time. It certainly appears to be charged with an increasing urgency. In our own country Democracy, with which, of course, our parliamentary system is identified, is openly attacked from two sides—by Fascists on the Right and by Socialists and Communists on the Left.

On the Continent State after State has pronounced against Democracy during the last few years. Indeed, only some weeks ago, two States, Bulgaria and Latvia, not, it is true, of first-class importance but significant as exhibiting a growing tendency, threw over their Parliaments and replaced them forthwith by "authoritarian" régimes, or in plain words dictatorships.

There is no gainsaying the truth that in various parts of the world Dictatorship has come into fashion instead of Democracy. Even in the United States the President has been given the position of a Dictator in some respects, though this change in function was not brought about by a revolution, but constitutionally. The fact remains that Franklin Roosevelt has far greater power than was wielded by any former President, not excepting Woodrow Wilson during the War. And, for that matter, Adolf Hitler came into power constitutionally.

The Present Dictatorship

Wilson's claim that the war was to make the world safe for Democracy has not been fulfilled—the *cliche* has now an ironic sound; yet the War did in fact give Democracy a tremendous impulse, which, however, has not been more than transient. Leaving out Russia where one Dictatorship supplanted another, the list of existing Dictatorships is imposing: Turkey, Italy, Poland, Lithuania, Albania, Yugoslavia, Germany, Austria, Esthonia, Latvia and Bulgaria, with Hungary, Spain and Portugal somewhat doubtful. On the other hand there are Great Britain, France, Holland, Belgium, "Scandinavia" and Switzerland.

Looking back to 1914, who, among even the most far-sighted of statesmen or politicians, would then have thought it possible that twenty years later Democracy would be so much the debated, discredited or suspect thing it is? Who, among us here in England, would then have imagined it would be necessary to warn the people of this country of the danger of Dictatorship, as Mr. Baldwin and others do to-day?

Undoubtedly it is the case that though few among us really believe that a dictatorship will be set up soon or late in England, quite a considerable number do talk about it as a possibility. Twenty years ago there was no question in the public mind of the curtailment or abolition of political liberty or Parliamentary government. It is different now when the notion of Dictatorship has caught on to such an extent that a publishing firm in London is bringing out a series of books,

by more or less prominent men, under the title, "If I were Dictator."

Naturally that is a most fascinating field of conjecture, but none of the authors of these books is likely to be a Dictator. Still, like straws, they indicate the direction of the wind. What is widespread is the feeling that, though Democracy is not played out, it is inefficient and inadequate, where not actually helpless, in periods of heavy stress, of sudden or rapid change. Under the striking title, "Crisis Government" (Norton, New York, \$1.75), a book has just been published which goes deeply into this subject.

Its author, Lindsay Rogers, is Professor of Public Law in Columbia University, New York, but he has had a great deal of direct connection with public affairs in the United States. For some months he was actively engaged in the prosecution of President Roosevelt's National Recovery campaign and in the administration, and he is now Chairman of the Board of Labour Review in the American Public Works Department. He is a lawyer, a practical man and no doctrinaire.

A Sane Optimism

In this work he applies himself to answer that question, Can Democracy survive? He says, Yes, it can—and will. And he says it in a very quiet, sane and convincing manner, based on a close and penetrating study of the history of the last twenty years or so.

It is an able, wise and helpful book—though to say this does not mean that everything it states is to be accepted. It begins by asking what Democracy is, and the witty reply is characteristic of the author: "As was said of the camel, it is hard to define, but you know it when you see it. Perhaps it is truer to say of Democracy that you know it when you do not see it." Professor Rogers next presents an analysis of the ways in which various States, democratic at the start, dealt with their political and economic problems, and in doing so turned their backs on representative institutions.

Then follows an excellent account of the spread of Dictatorships over Europe, with particular reference to Italy and Germany, but the most interesting chapter in the book is that entitled "Democratic Compromise in Europe." He points out that emergency situations were not experienced only by the defeated States, for the victorious Governments had their crises too, and he discusses what took place to meet them in England and France, and contrasts American action.

He argues that the readiness of a Parliament to yield power in emergencies is evidence that it is virile and intelligent rather than vacillating and incompetent. He believes that Democracy, at least in the English-speaking lands, will survive the assaults made on it. Where Dictatorship may be needed temporarily, he holds that it can be provided within the framework of their Parliaments, though some changes will have to be made.

R.M.

Perry on Lawn Tennis

The Trend to Professionalism

FIVE years ago, Fred Perry, after two seasons at Table Tennis, carried off the World's Table Tennis championship at Budapest. He then turned his attention to a more strenuous game, that of Lawn Tennis, and to-day he is the holder of two championships, those of America and Australia, besides being a member of the victorious British team that won the Davis Cup for Britain in 1933—the first British team to secure such a success since 1912, when Perry himself was just three years old.

With such an astonishing record behind him, Perry had every justification for thinking that the time had come for him to follow the lead of other Lawn Tennis players and write a book. He has now done so and made quite a good job of it, giving his readers an interesting account of his many varied experiences, with due modesty as to his own fine performances, offering valuable hints on tactics and the execution of strokes, and also dealing shrewdly with certain general aspects of the game. ("My Story," Hutchinsons, 18s., illustrated).

The Question of Temperament

His own temperament has come in at times for adverse criticism and he candidly admits that all through his competitive tennis career he had to struggle hard to preserve his concentration, that a few seasons ago he had a propensity to being upset by bad line decisions and that to-day such things as the click of a camera in the middle of a rally are apt to prove to him very disconcerting. But he says:

In any game where artistry rather than B.F. and B.I. (meaning brute force and bountiful ignorance) is required it is the highly-strung temperament that usually goes farthest. Stolid unemotional folk may win a tug o' war, but they do not as a rule make the best tennis players. For top class tennis men and women are needed who can whip themselves up for an effort into which every ounce of mind and body must be thrown. And please note the important fact that any man who can key himself to a big effort for a special occasion must have the defects of his virtues.

Cricket long ago settled the question whether amateurs and professionals could play in matches together without harm to the game or the blessed amateur status. And to many people it does seem that half the trouble in lawn tennis about "shamateurs" and "expenses" would be removed if the world's lawn tennis authorities frankly recognised that no real harm would be done by admitting that professionalism has come to stay.

Perry believes that sooner or later the present barrier between amateur and professional will be broken down and for this reason:

The lawn tennis governing bodies of the world have unwittingly created a class of young men who, if they are to keep in the swim, must play the game for months of every year; sometimes indeed all the year round, to the neglect of business opportunities. Each of the Nations is all out to obtain the best tennis the world can supply . . .

Some day then one may hope for an "Open" Tournament at Wimbledon.

The Dickens' Touch

THE late Sir Henry Dickens had inherited from his more famous father, both a warm-hearted humanity and a keen sense of humour, and his Recollections posthumously published, bear ample witness to the fact. ("The Recollections of Sir Henry Dickens, K.C.," Heinemann, 18s.).

But the chief interest in these Recollections naturally centres in the references to Charles Dickens and the family life at Gad's Hill. Though Sir Henry started to write his story at the age of 83, his memory of events long past never seems to falter, he in this respect also showing that he was his father's son.

So in his pages we meet processions of famous people who to this generation can be but names—Hans Anderson, Wilkie Collins, Carlyle, the Longfellows and the like—revolving round the kindly, humorous host of Gad's Hill, whose high spirits were as infectious as his occasional fits of self-suppression were apt to be bewildering to his children.

He was very fond of playing some round game of an evening, especially at Christmastide. On these occasions the house was full to overflowing and rooms had to be taken in the outlying cottages for the accommodation of some of the guests. It was a great time, a really jovial time, and my father was always at his best, a splendid host, bright and jolly as a boy and throwing his heart and soul into everything that was going on. On one occasion we had a country dance and Mr. Chorley was introduced as a broken-down itinerant musician who was supposed to have been taken in as a tramp from the high-road. Chorley went through his part magnificently and my father played up to him in a manner which kept us all in a roar. And then the dance—down the middle and up again! There was no stopping him! His energy, his light-heartedness, his buoyancy were simply immense.

Then the story of Charles Dickens trying to get rid of a bat that had flown into the hall: mounting the library ladder, stick in hand and with a hip-bath over his head to protect his hair, till the ridiculous side of the situation struck him, he became convulsed with laughter and the bath and he both fell to the floor.

"A Real Great Sport"

Lady Dickens, who adds a preface to her late husband's book, tells us that he thoroughly enjoyed writing it and seemed to jot down what he had to say without the least effort. It is this naturalness that gives a special attraction to these Recollections, while no one can read them without being conscious how well-deserved was the tribute paid to Sir Henry's memory by one who had stood before him in the dock—"My Lady, I respectfully offer sincere sympathy in your bereavement. The late Sir Henry gave me a chance a few years ago, when I stood before him at the Old Bailey and I have never forgotten it, and I think he was a real great sport. Please forgive absence of signature."

To this one need only add this extract from the book itself: "When I first started my work on the Bench, I was strongly impressed with the view that a judge was not there merely to condemn, but to save; and I have always attempted to keep that aspect of the case clearly in my mind."

In short, the Dickens' touch.

Some Novels for the

Grim but Powerful

THERE is something of the manner of ancient Greek tragedy in the working out of Nemesis, something of the grimness of Ibsen drama and something too of the stark realism of Russian literature in "Via Mala" by John Knittel (Hutchinsons, 8/6). It must be ranked as one of the most powerful novels of the year. The central scene of the story is a dreary Swiss Valley, where the continuous roar of the waterfall helps to fray still more the nerves of a family already driven to helpless terror by the never-ceasing cruelty of a diabolical drink-sodden, lustful father. Murder, it might seem, would be the fitting end of such a bestial ruffian, but the Nemesis that he brings upon himself is invested with a horror that is well calculated to freeze the reader's mind. The reactions of this murder on the romance of the dead man's daughter provide the theme for the remainder of this dramatic story.

A strangely moving tale of a family's struggle for happiness in a squalid Maltese environment is "Grand Harbour" (Constable, 7/6), the authoress, Miss Bradda Field, displaying remarkable skill in the portraiture of the kind-hearted, but unworldly and rather irresponsible retired naval officer and his two charming, lovely daughters of widely different temperaments. The other characters in the book are all live, breathing mortals who stand out clearly from this unusual background.

"Poor Uncle Claudius"

IN "I Claudius" (Barker, 8/-) Mr. Robert Graves introduces to us a member of the house of Caesar, hitherto oddly neglected by biographers. This cripple, prematurely born, with his nervous stammer and chronic blushing is prudent enough to mask his very real ability, and to exaggerate the physical disabilities which earn him the contempt of his relatives. Thanks to his diligent buffoonery, Claudius manages to survive such accomplished assassins as his grandmother, Livia, his uncle Tiberius, and his nephew Caligula, to become Emperor himself at the age of 51.

The book is written in the form of a frank autobiography for the benefit of posterity. The style is simple and conversational, but extraordinarily effective. In its portraits of the monsters of vice, and the monuments of virtue, which besmirched and adorned the imperial house of Caesar, this narrative is so quietly convincing, that one feels Mr. Graves might well be a reincarnation of his hero.

Mr. Booth Tarkington gives us a most entertaining and at the same time very clever study of a certain type of artistic temperament in his Lily Mars, the heroine of his latest book "Presenting Lily Mars" (Heinemann, 7/6). The presentation occurs through this highly emotional, fascinating creature intervening unasked in a play's rehearsals and generally making hay of everything and everyone—"so incarnately an actress," as the hero to his discomfiture at last realises, "she hardly knows when she is on the stage and when she's off it." A delightful comedy is unfolded with great verve to its surprising finale.

An Autobiographical Tale

An autobiography in the form of a novel is what "Children of the Poor" (Werner Laurie, 7/6) is represented by its publishers to be and assuredly it reads like it. The story with all its detailed description of the expedients to which a derelict family resorts in its hopeless fight against the consequences of abject poverty rings only too poignantly true, and if there is a certain element of bitterness in the telling of it, how can one blame this anonymous author (who, his publishers tell us, has risen to prominence in New Zealand affairs), if ultimate success in life has not entirely washed out all

the gall and misery of its beginning? It is the story of the gutter—a New Zealand gutter, which is as broad and deep and as full of misery as anywhere; a story of a boy who took to thieving to find coal and food for his family, of a sister who was sold to prostitution in a Chinese den, and of a mother who had periodically to sell herself to support her children. The book reveals a wonderful insight into the psychology of children, and bright flashes of humour here and there serve to relieve the pathos of the tale.

Another remarkable Werner Laurie book is "The only Gentleman" by Joan Conquest. Here we have the life of Christ brought into the modern world, with modern equivalents of the principal events and principal persons. As the publishers' blurb tells us, it is "an effort to prove to the world that Christ's heritage of healing promised the world almost two thousand years ago in Palestine can be, and is, fulfilled to-day." It is an interesting as well as a reverently written book. The title is taken from a "newspaper cutting" used as a text for a clergyman's sermon at the end of the book—"The first true gentleman who ever breathed. A certain Carpenter of Nazareth . . . If He came amongst us to-day we should be far from recognising Him as the first and last and only real Gentleman in the world."

Variety from Hutchinsons

THREE novels just published by Messrs. Hutchinson at 7/6 each are all admirable books, but of widely different types. One is "A Bow at a Venture" by Jill Spencer and is aptly described on the dust cover as a thrilling romance of Africa: a beautiful girl provides the romance for the hero, while the thrills result from the discovery of hidden treasure and the machinations of an unscrupulous villain and his ne'er-do-well accomplice. A well-knit plot with plenty of excitement. The second, "Cobweb Child" by Prudence Summerhayes, is a simple tale of English village life, with its main theme the influence exerted by an old Tudor House on all who live within its shadow. For a first novel the author shows remarkable skill in the delicate handling of her characters. The third book is by that well-known humorous writer Mabel Barnes-Grundy and is called "Sally in a Service Flat." It is a highly diverting comedy with an element of pathos in it, all in the true Barnes-Grundy vein.

One does not imagine that "Hell! said the Duchess" (Heinemann, 6/-) will add much to Mr. Michael Arlen's reputation. To be quite frank, it is a grotesquely silly book—the story of a lovely and virtuous Duchess who "would have been a knock-out in any station of life" and who came to be identified in the public mind with the perpetrator of horrible "Jane the Ripper" outrages, the real monster of iniquity turning out to be indeed a fabulous monster, half woman, half man, without a body at all when killed. Mr. Arlen calls it "A Bed-time Story," but even as a skit it does not seem to have much point. But being by Mr. Michael Arlen doubtless it will be read.

Wonderful Inventions

One can always depend on Mr. J. Storer Clouston for plenty of fun and in "The Chemical Baby" (Herbert Jenkins, 7/6) he is in his most amusing vein. He introduces us to a Scottish-American millionaire who is financing and inspiring two wonderful inventions. The one is a pacifier serum which he administers to two bellicose twins, Admiral and General de Bouffre, in their port and reduces them to a condition of extraordinary meekness and mildness. The other is a process for generating life from chemicals. This is made to appear successful through the wiles of an unscrupulous laboratory assistant, who procures a live baby and pushes it into the apparatus, thus deceiving the millionaire and everyone else for the time being. The fun now becomes fast and

Library List

furious. In the end the effect of the serum on the Admiral and General works off and the millionaire is cured of his passion for his two inventions and is contemplating trying "something more liable to eventuate into dividends than serums and chemical babies." A delightfully humorous book.

Hawthornden Prize Novel

Mr. James Hilton's "Lost Horizon" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) has passed through three editions and secured the Hawthornden Prize for 1934. It is a story of high adventure—the abduction of a party of four by aeroplane into a mysterious region, "two miles high, far beyond the western range of the Himalayas towards the less-known heights of the Kuen-Lun," in the wind-swept upland of the Tibetan plateau. Here they find themselves in a Lamasery, whose occupants, many of them Europeans, are of hoary age but singularly youthful owing to the discovery of a process for retarding life. The High Lama himself is a quondam Catholic missionary whose memories go back to Malplaquet and the days of the Grand Monarque. The party have been abducted to recruit this Lamasery, which is designed to be a refuge where "the frail elegancies of a dying age" are to be conserved and where, too, the wisdom shall be preserved that mankind will need when the passion for war has been spent. Despite the impossibilities of the story, there is a charm about its telling that is irresistible.

In "The Free Fishers" (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), Mr. John Buchan takes us back over a hundred years to present us with a series of live Scottish and English characters playing their parts in an exciting drama of love, intrigue and attempted assassination. It is a book that holds one's interest from its opening, with the licensed Minister of the Kirk and Professor of Philosophy at St. Andrew's University coming home from the Free Fishers' supper, to its climax, with the same Professor acting the hero and nearly losing his life at the hands of an arch villain who is plotting the assassination of the English Prime Minister and the betrayal of his country to Napoleon.

Sleuths

By Richard Keverne

Murder Most Grim

A VERY horrible and grim murder is the subject of "Shoes that had Walked Twice" by Jean Toussaint-Samat (Lippincott, 7/6) and the unravelling of the mystery which surrounds it makes a remarkably good story. This is a tale of espionage and counter-espionage, of a stupendous plot against France and a group of most attractive and human intelligence officers who untangle the very tangled skeins.

With this French story, the author won the Prix du Roman d'Adventures a couple of years ago. This translation, for the American public, is done in a simple straightforward manner with some excellent character drawing and vivid little bits of description of the life of the country round about Marseilles.

A Body in a Box

There is an admirable blend of humour with the thrills and adventures of "Murder Mask" by Garstin Begbie (Herbert Jenkins, 7/6) in which the melancholy Detective Sergeant Jeremiah Washington Urbill, whom Mr. Begbie's readers have met before, sets out to discover the mystery of a body found in a trunk left at the cloak room of Charing Cross station.

His investigations lead him in the end to the breaking up of a gang of dangerous scoundrels, and, oddly enough, to a wife. They lead the reader through three hundred odd pages of first class entertainment.

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Writers and Soldiers Too

THE last Great War accustomed us to every kind of transformation of civilian into soldier, and it was similar periods of national peril that accounted for the temporary soldiering of Edward Gibbon and Walter Scott.

Mr. C. P. Hawkes gives us a lively account of the military experiences of these two famous writers and of four others—Richard Steele, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Walter Savage Landor and Lord Byron in "Authors-at-Arms" (Macmillan, 7/6).

Steele took to soldiering because it appealed to his romantic, ebullient nature and also because it offered him the chance of a career. He did all he could to get to the front in Flanders, but Fate denied him his wish. A somewhat indifferent poem on Queen Mary II's funeral secured him a commission and later he became a Captain, the highest rank he ever reached in the Army.

Landor was the only one of the six to come under fire, as a fiery and wholly irresponsible volunteer in Spain's fight for freedom against Bonaparte. Byron made a characteristically splendid gesture as champion of Greece and died at Missolonghi.

As for Samuel Taylor Coleridge, his military excursion was a particularly inglorious one, being due wholly and solely to despair: he had failed to win the Craven at Cambridge, he was being dunned for debts he could not pay and the lottery ticket he had invested in had drawn a blank. So for four months, he, who hated soldiers and horses all his life, became a Dragoon under the name and title of Private Silas Tomkyn Cumberback. He could not ride nor groom his mount nor clean his accoutrements, but his comrades helped him where they could and in return he wrote their letters home for them. Mr. Hawkes tells us of the delightful incident where Private Cumberback as sentry suddenly intervened in the conversation of two officers to correct a classical quotation. Finally his identity was discovered and he was bought out of the Army.

A Scot's View of "The Wrecker"

"SCOTTISH SCENE" (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.), is unique both in conception and treatment. Its authors, Lewis Grassie Gibbon and Hugh MacDiarmid, have contrived to present and explain every aspect of Scottish history, tradition and character. They have given us poems, plays and short stories that are cameos of the typical in Scots literature and drama; comprehensive sketches of the Four Scots Cities, and essays on the sea and countryside. The strange mixture of harshness and tenderness, weakness and strength, in the Scottish soul is depicted with arresting vividness—the authors are masters of their subject—while the pages of historical retrospect make extraordinarily interesting reading.

But perhaps the best thing in the book is Mr. Gibbon's chapter on Ramsay MacDonald, so aptly sub-titled "The Wrecker."

One happily phrased paragraph is especially rich in fundamental truth: "Mr. MacDonald has never succeeded in penetrating behind words to thought: there is, indeed, no evidence that he has ever attempted this awesome feat"—while few of us will feel disposed to quarrel with the statement that he is "merely engaged in genuflection at the shrine of Words."

Personal Vanity

This searching psycho-analysis shows us the disastrous absence of statesmanship and sincerity in a character so swayed by personal vanity that his political creed was affected when "glancing downwards and backwards, he caught sight of the seemly shape his calves occupied inside the silk stockings of Court dress."

Incapable of disinterested devotion to any cause, and appalled by the difficulties and discomforts of the responsibilities he had undertaken, he became

"rarely visible on the English horizon. He fled from conference to conference across the European scene: at rare intervals, returning to Parliament, he uttered profound appeals for national unity to save the peace of the world—a world interjected with a trilling diapason of consonants and false vowels."

One would have thought that his essential incapacity for leadership was proved beyond question when

"On the morning of October the 29th, 1931, the country awoke to find that the pacifist of the War-time years had for once abandoned the padded bludgeon and smashed to atoms with a merciless blow that party and group which had raised him to power, which had followed him and his unique philosophy for a long twenty-five years."

But at the head of the "National" Government he still shows the same disregard for loyalty.

"He hastens from conference to conference, solemn and creased: his voice still rings out those rolling periods; he poses, one foot on the step of his aeroplane, for the pressing photographer."

Certainly Mr. Gibbon knows his Ramsay MacDonald, and if he can bring his readers to a like knowledge, "Scottish Scene" will indeed have served a good purpose, while it cannot fail to establish a wider comprehension of the diverse threads in the intricate pattern that is Scotland.

V.A.

Will the "New Deal" Fail?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S great campaign for the economic recovery of the United States proceeds without cessation. In his book "On Our Way," he appeared to be confident of success on the whole, and it must be said for him that when he has found parts of his programme not coming up to his expectations, he has been quick to supply something else with better prospects. The vast majority of his countrymen still believe in him and his policy, but there has always been a certain amount of opposition, and some prominent Americans even go so far as to assert that the New Deal will fail.

That would be a calamity, not only for America, but for all the world. Here is a book entitled, "Will Roosevelt Succeed?" (Routledge, 6s.), which answers that question in the negative. Its author is Mr. A. Fenner Brockway, and no reader of the *Saturday Review* needs to be told where his sympathies lie, but if there is any doubt this sentence will settle the matter: "To a Socialist the possibilities of America are exhilarating."

This is a book, then, written from a point of view, and it cannot be regarded as impartial or objective. Mr. Fenner Brockway paid a special visit lately to the United States to study the New Deal as it is being worked out, and he now reports what he saw and heard in the course of his travels from coast to coast. The facts he gives us are certainly not uninteresting in themselves, but the inferences and conclusions to be drawn from them are all coloured by that bias of his.

The Dominant Interest

As a Labour man belonging to the Left in England, he was vastly surprised to find that agriculture and not "industrialism" was the dominant interest in America—the farmer and not the mechanic. He says that he spoke to one of the officials at Washington:

"I want to hear first about the National Recovery Act and Industrial re-organization; but I am pulled up sharply."

"That is where you Englishmen go all wrong," was the reply. "In Britain industry is the backbone of your economic structure. In America farming is the backbone. That is where the New Deal started."

There are, adds Mr. Brockway, between thirty and forty million farmers in the United States. Upon their prosperity largely depends the prosperity of the rest of the population.

A chapter is devoted to "The Farmers," who, we are informed, "have little social philosophy," that is, the poor fellows are not Socialists, and the rest of the book contains few references to them, but has much to say about American banks and Big Business, codes and controls, the general conclusion being that "America has already gone far towards the industrial autocracy which is the essence of the Fascist economic structure." In brief, Mr. Brockway foresees a struggle between Fascism and Socialism in and for America, the temporary triumph of Fascism, and the ultimate victory of Socialism—with the failure, as a matter of course, of the New Deal.

As an American might say, "Isn't that just too bad?"

R.M.

Theatre Notes

By Russell Gregory

Lyric Theatre "Men in White"

By Sidney Kingsley

THERE is a good deal of pathology in "Men in White," but Sidney Kingsley has grasped his subject courageously and presents it with breadth and vigour. The story of the young surgeon who is torn between his desire for a brilliant future and his longing to settle down in a practice with the woman he loves, is brilliantly unfolded with an authentic hospital background. The big scene of the play is one in which the surgeon has to operate, in the presence of his fiancée, on a young nurse who has been his mistress for one night. It carries one away by its tenseness and the bold, swift strokes with which it is drawn. In fact, the whole play gives one the impression of being hewn out of solid rock.

Out of a long cast, it is only possible to mention the outstanding performances of Lewis Casson, Robert Douglas, Joan Marion and Carleton Hobbs. Jill Esmond looked charming, but was not quite so successful in the difficult part of the fiancée, and nearly everybody showed a tendency to clip their words and sentences.

The play is so well produced that it seems not to have been produced at all, it just grew there. Much of the credit for its undoubted success must therefore go to Gilbert Miller, as well as to the skilful adaptation of the American version by Merton Hodge.

Embassy Theatre Nine Till Six

By Aimé and Philip Stuart

The more I see of the students of the Embassy School of Acting, the more I realise how ashamed of themselves some of our West End actors ought to be. There were at least two people in this excellent production whom I hope I have not seen for the last time. Margaret Tyler and Ann Titheradge, if I know anything about it, will go a long way towards success in this most tantalising of all professions, and they will be closely followed by Sara Luce and Marie Delphin.

The general level of the performance was distinctly high, but there were several cases of inaudibility. It is always a good thing to remember that the galleryite is as keen a playgoer as the occupant of the front row of the stalls. But even some of our greatest performers have not yet grasped that fact.

Rudolf Steiner Hall Marcelle Valerie

Oh, these rhythmic dancers! Why can't they leave music—and incidentally dancing—alone? A programme "blurb" informs me that "un grand musicien (dont les disques sont bien connus) s'écriait en la voyant travailler: 'Quelle perfection, quelle perfection!'" I do not happen to know the great musician (dont les disques sont

bien connus), but I am willing to join issue with him.

Unlike the writer of the pamphlet which describes the work of this "modern classical dancer," I should not, if left to myself, describe her performance as "inspirée par l'âme," nor as "musicale et spirituelle," and most certainly not as "profondement naturelle et humaine." But then I am not particularly "connu" for my disques.

Fortunately, Gustave Ferrari was there to bring some sanity into a crazy evening with his perfect rendering of 17th and 18th century French songs. It was lovely to hear "Au clair de la lune," sung as it should be, and Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Air sur trois notes" was a sheer joy. Thank heaven nobody danced to them!

British Merchant Seamen's WIDOWS

IF you feel for the widows of the men who served long years at sea, and who in many cases lost their lives through its perils, the Royal Alfred Seamen's Institution will gladly and gratefully act as your honorary almoner.

It has been the Society's privilege to act in such a capacity in the relief of 1,449 seamen's widows. Amongst the present 800 widow beneficiaries there is one who lost her husband and four sons in the wreck of one ship!

★ This appeal is made because of lack of funds—since the 1st of January last the Society has had to refuse urgently and worthily deserved aid asked for by more than 100 widows. Full particulars gladly given.

Please mark your gift 'WIDOWS' and send to Secretary,

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FROM ALL STATIONERS

Correspondence

Wanted—a Cheaper "Saturday Review"

SIR,—I am passing on to you for consideration a proposition made to me last week by the manager of a well-known newsagents who has an excellent sale for the *Saturday Review*—and from whom I always buy mine.

He says: "Would it be possible to run a paper on the same lines as regards ideas—and contributed to by the same authors—which would be within reach of people with only small means—say 1d. per week?—that all may benefit?"

The *Saturday Review* is a most valuable paper—and one longs to see its teaching creep into all homes—North, South, East and West throughout the Empire.

I have worked hard for the Conservative cause for many years, but am so disgusted to-day that I see nothing for real Conservatives but to become Fascists!

7, Salisbury Rd., Southsea.

M. DUDIN.

Another Secret of Polichinelle

SIR,—Who was the man against whom a huge overflow meeting outside Memorial Hall and stretching across Farringdon Street from kerb to kerb, passed a resolution on 29th November, 1915: "That this great meeting of citizens of London records its opinion that Mr. ——— deserves to be hanged by his neck until he is dead, and directs that copies of this resolution be sent to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, and Members of Parliament for the City"?

The occasion on which this historic resolution was passed—unanimously so far as could be seen—was when a meeting of the Union of Democratic Control was turned into a tremendous loyal demonstration.

Memorial Hall had been hired by this organisation, whose object was to force non-victorious peace on England by breaking down civilian resistance behind our armies in the field. The principal speaker was to be Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. It was a ticket meeting, and it was announced that only a limited number of tickets were available.

Farringdon Street, however, was soon blocked with ticket-holders on the night of the meeting. Only one door was used and guarded by stewards. Canadians and Anzacs were ascending the stair, when a shout came from above: "Keep all those damned soldiers out."

The public was incensed, the door forced, the hall filled with people, and the next moment the platform was stormed and a loyal demonstration was held.

RICHARD GLOVER.

* P.S.—No prize is offered, because everybody would guess right the first time.

The Dangers Ahead

SIR,—I think after the disgraceful exposure of Sir Samuel Hoare's trick of pressing the Manchester Committee to withdraw the decision they had reached in considering Indian affairs as it did not suit his mad scheme of handing India over to a gang of revolutionaries, it is about time Conservatives called both him and Mr. Baldwin to account and insisted upon their resigning.

Mr. Baldwin once said that he had missed the last bus, but to make up for that loss he has taken an express which looks like landing him and the country in terrible disaster.

If Conservatives do not make a move soon in pushing forward a strong man, with a strong Empire policy, the party will split from top to bottom, and then anything may happen.

We have enemies abroad, and at home, who are doing all they know to undermine the power of England.

It is time Conservatives woke up to the peril facing us. In order to safeguard themselves Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues are always impressing upon the public the necessity of prolonging the National Government. This is a clever trick. But what, after all, is the character of this "Nationalism"? Nothing but "Socialism in Messrs. Baldwin's and MacDonald's time."

VIGILANT.

A German Point of View

SIR,—Hitler and Mussolini want peace, and the disarmament question is of vital importance for both nations. The hegemony of France as a military power is acknowledged by all European nations. And in spite of that France is always wanting more SECURITY!

But what about security for Germany? With our open frontiers, we Germans have much more reason to be afraid of a French invasion. Our earnest desire for equality in defensive arms and air force is only the wish for security. Surely the individual Frenchman does not want a war, but the interests of the armament manufacturers and the French press do not allow a peaceful understanding between both our nations.

We would rather disarm than rearm to the last man if the other nations would do the same! England has set a good example, but France absolutely refuses to disarm. A race in armaments would be deplorable and also disastrous in its economic effects for every country, especially for Germany.

We only want to be left in peace to recover slowly from the terrible effects of the last war and the so-called peace treaty of Versailles. A new war would not only be suicide for us but the end of all Western civilisation, and the danger of the Far East would then become acute and immediate also for Europe.

The hopeless results of the disarmament conferences have rather worried us and, if not soon an agreement can be reached, we are simply forced to re-arm not to be left at France's mercy one day!

The MacDonald or Italian plan is heartily welcomed in this country. If more credit and less suspicion would be given to Hitler's words and deeds in the foreign Press it would be so much easier to come soon to a good and satisfying understanding between all nations!

BARONESSE VON DER GOLTZ.

Rogzow, über Belgard/Pers. Pom.

[France has not forgotten 1914. There is only one danger of war in Western Europe and that is German aggression.—Ed. S.R.]

Australia's Apple Industry

SIR,—Fifty years ago this summer, the first consignment of Australian apples reached the British Isles. There were 400 cases in the consignment, but from that small beginning the present total of 4,000,000 cases a year has been reached. It is interesting to reflect that the little band of settlers, who under Captain Philip introduced the fruit to their new home, apparently laid with a few apple pips the foundations of this great Australian industry, now worth £1,250,000 a year, for there is no record of apple trees having been taken out by those early British pioneers.

A. E. HYLAND, Director,
Australian Trade Publicity.

Leg Theory Bowling—Is it Worth it?

SIR,—Will you allow me as a very old, faithful and constant reader of *The Saturday Review* to utter a slight protest as regards your paragraph on the above subject in your issue of June 23rd?

As an Englishwoman who has known Australia and its people for more than 50 years, has lived there at long intervals and loved it accordingly, I can assure you that "squealing" is the last word to be applied to the Australians. Take one instance; in proportion they had fewer conscientious objectors during the war than we had. There is such a thing as tact, of which neither Jardine nor Larwood have the faintest notion. It was not an Australian who said that Jardine's manner was enough to make a dumb crowd barrack!

If this much discussed bowling is legitimate why was it not taken advantage of during the late Indian tour? Surely not out of any regard for the people of that country seeing that apparently we cannot raise a Test eleven without one from that country being in it.

(Mrs.) L. E. MERCER.

88, St. Mary Abbots Court, Kensington, W.

The Cinema

Duplicity of Double Exposures

By Mark Forrest

IN case you were under the impression that Mae West coined the expression "I'm no angel," you will be surprised to hear that no less a person than the redoubtable Becky Sharp admits to such a shortcoming. On leaving Miss Pinkerton's Academy for Young Ladies she flings that lady's leaving prize—the Doctor's dictionary—out of the carriage window and tells Miss Sedley that revenge may be wicked, but its natural and that she is no angel. So much for that, the point being that "there is nothing new under the sun," as you will become somewhat painfully aware of if you go to see the new picture at the Leicester Square.

Most men will, I think, be prepared to stake the whole of their worldly goods that under no circumstances could they meet their wives in every day life and fail to recognise them. The curl of the lip, the length of the nail, the edge of the tongue and the cold shoulder are characteristics—only to mention a few of the more obvious ones—which no husband could possibly mistake. Nevertheless in fiction husbands are continually being misled by their better halves and in "Moulin Rouge" we have this myopia in a really distressing form. Here a playwright, played by Franchot Tone, won't let his wife, played by Constance Bennett, continue her career on the stage. So, when he has engaged the great French actress, Raquel, for the principal part in his new revue, what does Constance Bennett do but impersonate her. As he thinks Raquel is not his wife the way is clear for a little love making and then, of course, Constance Bennett does not know whether to laugh or cry.

Constance Bennett cannot do very much with this kind of nonsense and no one seems to play it with any enthusiasm. Those people who are interested in the duplicity of double exposures may be intrigued with some of the photography, but that, I am afraid, is the only redeeming feature of this picture.

Unfortunately the new Micky Mouse which ushers it in is not up to the usual standard. This is called "Gulliver Micky" and deals with him in Lilliput, but for some reason Mr. Disney has left the real "Gulliver's Travels" severely alone and has decided to use the idea and no more. The result falls flat because his invention, generally so fresh and amusing, has deserted him.

Mandalay

Kay Francis is another actress whose recent parts have been very unsatisfactory and "Mandalay," at the Regal, though it is better than some pictures, is not a good vehicle for her. The plot of this film is also very familiar. Whether the girl is called "Diamond Lil" or "Lou" or "Spot White," as she is here, or any one of half a dozen other pseudonyms she remains the same creature. Sometimes the place is Port Said, some-

times it is Shanghai, this time it is Rangoon where "Spot White" sings to half castes and vamps the British army. She is forced to do this because her lover, played by Ricardo Cortez, has left her "in a tough spot." But she makes good does "Spot White" when she murders him and he makes good, too, by turning the murder into a suicide so that "Spot White" can try and make a little better with her doctor friend, who is always having "a spot" too much, and is also going to make good. Kay Francis sings one or two songs delightfully.

A Rough Diamond

"Mandalay" is not the chief attraction at the Regal where the main feature is "Jimmy the Gent" with James Cagney in the chief part. James Cagney is always cast as a rough diamond which, when properly cut, reveals itself to be a stone of unusual brilliance and value. Generally he is the leader in some "racket" and "Jimmy the Gent" is no exception to the rule, but exactly what form his new game takes is rather difficult to understand. As the plot appears to me his business is to search the papers for missing heirs and to provide fictitious ones to take their places, he himself having a percentage of the profits for fixing up the deal.

The crossing and double-crossing that ensues is so bewildering that the new painting puzzles, kindly provided by the London County Council on the main streets of London, are by comparison relatively easy to solve. But after murder, bigamy, false witness, fraudulent conversion, larceny and ordinary misdemeanours, Jimmy Corrigan succeeds in proving to Joan that the head of the rival firm is as crooked as he is, and once she has got that into her blonde head she is perfectly happy to marry him.

James Cagney's ebullient, robust and vulgar characteristics do not please everyone and the slang which adorns his parts is difficult for the untrained ear to assimilate, but he is a great favourite with a section of the London public and this latest picture should please them. He is supported by Bette Davis, as the ravishing blonde, and the Englishman, who is at the head of the rival firm and is the biggest scoundrel of the lot (a very common occurrence now in American pictures) is played by Alec Dinehart. The chief characteristic of our race, I gather, is to put "cheerio" at the end of telegrams—at least that is what James Cagney is made to do when he sends one in the name of Alec Dinehart. Once that magic word is used Bette Davis is thoroughly deceived as to the sender of the wire. However I prefer "cheerio" as a hallmark to "pardon" which, aided by an American accent, sounds as rude as it is meant to be polite.

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Evils of "Cheap Money"

Investors Should Avoid Speculation

[By Our City Editor]

THE prolonged period of "cheap money" which has followed the Government's conversion of the 5 per cent. War Loan, an operation which directly brought about an all-round fall in interest rates in this country, has not been without its drawbacks. True, with finance plentiful at reasonable rates, trade has had every chance to recover and expand, domestically at any rate. But, in fact, during the years of depression most of our industrial firms had accumulated balances which they could not profitably use in the course of business, and these funds are now being employed to pay off bank overdrafts and debenture debt. This not only leads to a shrinkage of bank advances, giving a misleading idea of the state of trade, but also leaves the investor with money to re-invest at a time when the return on British Government stocks has fallen to a 3 per cent. level, and there is no longer any prospect of security and 5 per cent.

As most British Government stocks now stand at a big premium over the redemption price, there has been a great demand for the past week or two for the irredeemable stocks, and for those standing below redemption price, which is usually par. So we find that the flat return on the 3 per cent. Funding Loan is a shade less than its yield to redemption, while on Conversion "threes" the yield is under 3 per cent. either way, and the highest return on a British Government security is $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on Conversion "fives," but there is a premium of 18 points in the price and the yield to redemption, which can be effected in 1944, is under 3 per cent. Australian $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents., dated 1954-59, which stand below par and give a return of over $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. flat or to redemption, look more attractive to the trustee who finds his range very limited owing to the weight of money seeking investment, the failure of British Railway stocks to maintain their Trustee status, and the fact that many Empire stocks are not available to Trustees when they are priced above par. For non-trustees, well-covered industrial preferences have greater attractions, for with income tax at 4s. 6d. in the £, a return of 3 per cent. gross on one's money is more than poor from the income standpoint.

Temptation to Speculate

What with taxation and declining interest rates, there is every temptation for the *rentier* to become

a speculator rather than an investor, for if he can secure in a year a profit of 5-10 per cent. on his capital, he has a far better return than could be secured by investment, and there is no income tax to pay. Attractive as this may sound, the old adage of "A fool and his money . . ." should be borne well in mind, for there is much rubbish being offered to the less knowledgeable investor at the moment, and "bucket shops" and similar organisations are working up the level of activity reached during the 1928 "boom." In particular, should the rush for new issues of capital be regarded with caution, for there is every evidence that "stags" are largely responsible for the over-subscription of many of these offers. In the case of West (Butchers), shares, for instance, the issue of 5s. shares at 12s. 6d. per share was heavily subscribed, yet the shares opened at a discount on the issue price! Investors will, in the long run, be better advised to accept the best return commensurate with safety, for they will have the laugh over those who make a little capital profit now, only to lose it later on. Investments in the big dividend-paying South African gold mines are by no means to be deprecated, for the return of about 8 per cent. still remains a good one, even when allowance has to be made for amortisation on the life of the mine. For those who prefer to avoid the semi-speculative, Industrial preferences provide a fair income with little fear of capital shrinkage for a long time to come.

Imperial Bank of Persia

Rather lower profits are reported by the Imperial Bank of Persia for the year ended March 20 last, net profit after tax being £77,169, compared with £85,802 in the previous year, but the dividend and bonus are again made up to 10 per cent. free of tax for the year, the same as a year ago, the allocation to reserve being £10,000 against £20,000. The distributions to shareholders are, as usual well covered, for the Bank actually earned nearly 12 per cent. on its capital. Reserve now amounts to £720,000, compared with an issued capital of £650,000. The balance sheet shows a fair expansion in deposits at £3,128,793, and contrary to the experience of English banks, loans and advances have also increased while investments are slightly lower.

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COMPANY MEETING

IMPERIAL BANK OF PERSIA

SIR HUGH S. BARNES ON THE GENERAL POSITION

The 45th ordinary general meeting of the members of the Imperial Bank of Persia was held on July 3rd at Southern House, Cannon-street, E.C.

Sir Hugh S. Barnes, K.C.S.I., K.C.V.O. (the chairman of the Bank) presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said: Before I deal with the accounts I will refer very shortly to affairs in Persia. Though the past year has, on the whole, been uneventful, there is evidence of steady progress and development in every branch of the Administration, due mainly to the constant supervision exercised by H.I.M. the Shah. Foreign exchange, to which I alluded last year, remains a free market to the benefit of merchants and the country generally. The Persian Government has also found it possible to relax in some degree the restrictions on imports, and this has helped to improve trade in the south. On the other hand, in the north the disagreement between the Persian and the Soviet Governments, to which I referred last year, has not yet been completely composed, and we are told that trade with Russia continues restricted.

Woollen and Cotton Mills

In drawing your attention last year to developments taking place in the country, I referred to the erection of factories in several towns. We hear that the woollen mills in Isfahan have been able to supply not only the bulk of Army requirements, but the local markets; in fact, the mills are so well and profitably established that the plant is being increased from the company's own resources. A cotton spinning and weaving factory in the same town expects to commence operations next month, and from another mill a satisfactory quality of cotton thread is being produced. In Shiraz a Persian company is just completing the erection of a spinning mill, equipped with the latest and most up-to-date machinery made in this country, and a successful future is predicted for it, the management being in capable and energetic hands. Two sugar factories, under the control of the Persian Government, are already in operation, and two more are contemplated in the near future. Under the auspices of the Swedo-Danish Company, which supervises the construction, considerable progress has been made with the railways. Last year the northern line had been completed to Shahi and the southern to Salehabad. During the year 50 kilometres have been completed in the north and the same number in the south, so that there are now 148 kilometres open to traffic in the north and 300 kilometres in the south. Contracts have been granted for the further construction of 120 kilometres in the north and 65 in the south. The northern line should be completed to Teheran by March, 1937 and the southern line about two years later. Persia will then possess through railway communication via Teheran from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian. Meanwhile an excellent road has been constructed from Teheran to Tchalous on the Caspian, which can now be reached in a few hours from Teheran, a great change from the old days when the only way to Tchalous was through Kazvin and Resht.

Turning to the profit and loss account, it will be seen that, after making ample provision for income-tax, bad and doubtful debts, and other contingencies, we are able to show a profit of £77,168, which is some £8,633 less than last year. The reduction may be taken as reflecting the lower earning power of money, the increased competition between banks in the East for any business offering and the general depression in trade.

This year we are only placing £10,000 to reserve fund, which brings it up to £720,000. We now propose to pay the same final dividend and bonus as last year, namely, 7s. per share, and a bonus of 2s. per share, both free of income-tax. This, with the interim dividend of 4s. per share, makes a return for the year of 13s. per share, free of tax, and leaves us with £49,057 12s. 11d. to carry forward to the new account.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Notes from a Musical Diary

By Herbert Hughes

IN days like these, when best-selling commercialism has the music publishers of England in a vice as never before, it is a pleasure to turn to some of the recent issues of gramophone societies. If a new Hugo Wolf were to arise to-day, he would not have a ghost of a chance of seeing himself in print; if a new Debussy were to walk into a publisher's office with priceless manuscripts under his arm, he would unquestionably be shown the door after the briefest of interviews with the second or third in command. Knowing this, one takes a sort of philosophical consolation in opening the latest albums of the Haydn Quartet Society, the Beethoven Sonata Society, and the first album of the more recently-formed Bach Society. There may have been more than a suspicion of adventitiousness in the brain-wave that went to the founding of the first of these private societies a few years ago. But their artistic importance is beyond argument, and their self-sufficiency is their justification.

A Fine Beethoven Player

Herr Artur Schnabel may be a bad player of Chopin and be altogether at sea when it comes to the interpretation of Liszt, but he is certainly well-poised when he is confronted with a Beethoven sonata. No one plays Beethoven better to-day, and Volume V of the Beethoven series for which he has been responsible, continues a fine task magnificently. Here the works are the B flat Major (Op. 22), the little G major (Op. 49, No. 2), and the "Appassionata." Other artists will come along after Herr Schnabel and also play Beethoven with great understanding, but these will serve our own generation as the most representative interpretations of our time.

Of the Haydn volume, the executants are the Pro Arte Quartet, one of the best organisations of the kind. Here they play the works in F Major (Op. 3, No. 5), E flat Major (Op. 33, No. 2), another E flat Major (Op. 64, No. 6), and B flat Major (Op. 71, No. 1). Throughout, their work is about as faultless as it is humanly possible to be, and as the works themselves are varied and glorious, the album is another veritable treasure without price.

In the case of the Bach Society's issue, the plan has been to go boldly back to the music as it was actually played in the composer's own day, so here we have the all-but-incomparable Wanda Landowska, playing the immortal "Goldberg" Variations on a harpsichord. No player alive has a more finished technique, and these difficult movements come with apparent ease under her agile fingers. Her rhythmic feeling is always sure and always curiously attractive, and there are little subtleties in dynamic variation that entrance the sensitive ear. If the Bach Society proceeds like this it will surely put its members under a real obligation.

Broadcasting Notes

By Alan Howland

IT is a truism to say that the B.B.C. owes a duty to the listening public, but it is one which is not recognised at Broadcasting House. According to the accepted theory of our broadcasting officials, the listener is a poor nincompoop, who must be bullied into liking what he hates, and one who has no right to complain about the fare provided for him by the highly intellectual mandarins of the microphone. Even worse than this, he is so low down in the scale of humanity, that promises made to him need not be kept, and obligations may, with impunity, remain unfulfilled.

When the Regional scheme was first evolved, the half-wit listener was given a solemn pledge that he would, on its completion, always have the choice of two programmes. It was also understood that these programmes would be very definitely contrasted. The Regional scheme is now in working order, but there are no signs that the listener is able to select from two alternative programmes. The only alternative which he is offered by the people who live on his money, is that he may either take it or leave it.

A glance at the Summer programmes is sufficient proof of this statement. There are usually two diagonalised programmes to ensure that on at least two evenings a week he shall have no alternative at all, and on nearly every day there are five hours in the afternoon, during which the same programme is being transmitted on both the National and Regional wavelengths. What possible excuse there can be for this summer policy, nobody seems to be able to discover. It cannot possibly be a question of expense since the afternoon broadcasts have never had a very great deal of money spent on them. It cannot be because

listeners all like the same things in the summer and hate them in the winter. It can only mean that with the temperature rising through the seventies the programme builders are overcome with lassitude and find that their brains simply will not work. Some people are unkind enough to think that this inability to cerebration is not confined to the dog days, but that is another story. Whatever the excuse there is no doubt that from July to September the Regional scheme is as dead as the Dodo.

Even when alternatives do exist they are too often mere alternatives and not contrasts at all. The listener is offered the choice of two wavelengths, but not of two different types of programmes. Apparently the bright boys of the B.B.C. imagine that the mass of listeners look upon Chamber Music played by a string quartet as utterly different from a programme of music played by a section of the B.B.C. orchestra. Apparently the listener is so highly sensitised that he can turn with a whoop of joy from a military band session to a brass band session.

I have said before and I say again that the programme pundits of the B.B.C. are utterly out of touch with public opinion. They rely entirely on a few letters from a very small section of the community. If the letters are appreciative the programme is right, if the letters are abusive the listener is wrong.

I have issued a personal challenge to two officials of the programme branch to spend an evening with me in clubs and pubs and places where they talk in order to find out the opinion of the licence holder in his usual habitat. The challenge has been politely refused. They know all about listeners' opinions and that is sufficient. They know. And so do I!

The Saturday Review

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